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"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

BIOGRAPHY

OF

ISAAC W. AMBLER,

BY WILLIAM P. FREEMAN.

SECOND EDITION.

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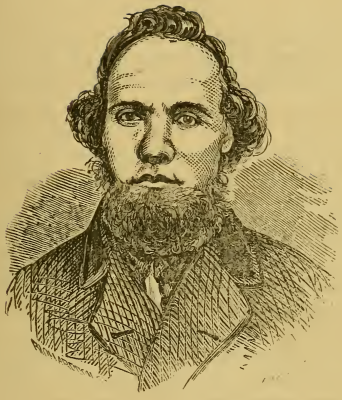

ISAAC W. AMBLER.

PREFACE.

I first became acquainted with the subject of this narrative in the spring of 1859, and having heard him relate many striking events that had occurred to him, I asked him why he did not have his life written, that by doing it he might get an education. His answer was, that he had often thought of it; and, upon further conversation, he asked me to sketch down the incidents of his life, which I have done, although somewhat in an imperfect manner.

The subject of this narrative was born in England, and was early deprived of his parents; commenced, when seven years old, to work in the coal mines, and worked in them four years, after which he entered the British army, in which he served seven years before making his escape to Portland, Me. During all this time, he was addicted to the intoxicating cup, and led an unhappy life. From Portland he moved to Biddeford, and thence to Newburyport, Mass., where he was brought, by the power of God, to see the error of his ways, and to turn his feet into the testimonies of the Lord. I have endeavored to write this narrative in a simple and natural style, and to depict the scenes as near life as was in my power. I have written them in the form of an autobiography, that I might give them as nearly as possible in the words of the subject himself.

W. P. F.

Biddeford, October 1, 1859.

LIFE OF ISAAC W. AMBLER.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in Littlemore, Yorkshire County, England, in the year 1825 or 1826. The exact date of my birth I never knew, but have often heard my grandmother say that it was about fourteen days after Christmas. I was born in a small, one-story house, situated on a high bluff, in front of which flowed a small stream of water. Around the house was a plot of land about one mile in circumference.

My father was a smart, active, and industrious man, naturally quick-tempered, but soon reconciled. He was by trade a weaver. He was a kind father and an affectionate husband. My mother was a quiet, humble Christian, one who adorned the doctrines of our Lord and Savior by a well ordered life and conversation. And now, when my mind is turned back to my childhood days, I can remember

how she would place her hand upon my head and bless me. I was the only child. When three years old my father moved from the house he rented on the bluff, to a house near the New Dolphin; after which the old house and land on the bluff were bought by a rich man named Knowles. This piece of land was a place where the gamesters resorted for cock-fighting and gambling, in all its branches; but this man built a granite wall, some nine feet high, around it, which ever after kept the gamesters out. My grandparents lived near the Old Dolphin, and under the same roof lived my uncle William. He had three sons and a daughter. Soon after my parents moved to the New Dolphin, my mother took me to see my grandparents. She carried me in her arms, and when returning home, in crossing a neighbor's field, she was frightened by seeing a bull but a short distance from her. My mother had on a red shawl, which, blowing in the breeze, caught his gaze; throwing me into a thorn hedge, she started at a swift pace towards a stone wall, which she reached just as the breath of the animal could have been heard behind her. So anxious was she to get from his way, that in her haste to get over the wall she slipped and fell over, severely bruising her. She soon recovered, and by a circuit came around

where I was in the hedge, and took me in her arms, and with difficulty reached home. She never recovered from the effects of her bruises, but had to take to her bed from which she never arose. During her sickness I was one night called to her bedside, and she put her hands upon my head and blessed me, gave me to God, and then breathed her last. Thus was I early deprived of a mother, whose gentle admonitions and humble prayers I shall never hear again. How thankful should I be that God, who is faithful to his people, has heard the prayers of my mother, though offered many years ago, and that in New England, far from my native home, he has sent his holy spirit to convince me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and that through his help I have commenced a new life in Christ. How true are the words in the Scriptures, that "the prayers of the righteous availeth much."

My father belonged to a club, and it was the custom when one of their number, or family died, for all to attend the funeral services. On this occasion they had to go some three miles to the burial ground; four men carried the corpse on their shoulders. When they came to Queen's Head, about one mile from home, they blew their trumpets,*

* A custom in country places at that time, when passing houses, to blow trumpets.

and I remember of looking up to my father and saying, "Father, mother is crying." When we had gone about one mile from Queen's Head, I was crying so hard that my father told me to go to my grandparents, about one mile distant. I left him to go, but was tired and I went away a short distance and sat down beside the road, when a stranger came along and took me into his carriage and carried me to my grandparents, and soon after I went home to my father's. A few weeks after my mother's death, my father took it so much at heart, as he worshipped my mother, and as his fireside seemed dreary, as the chief attraction was gone, that he took to drink; and this led to gambling, and he passed much of his time in the ale-houses, thus neglecting his work and running into debt. I remember one day of going into a neighbor's house, and the man, knowing my father was a drinking man, abused me and told me to go home about my business. I went home crying, and told my father, who was quite angry with him, and he went immediately to see what he meant in abusing me; arriving there, he commenced to talk with the man, and they soon came to hard words, and then to fighting. My father was a very strong man, and he seized him and threw him over his head, nearly killing him. My father, as I have said before, was in debt,

and the bailiffs came one day, and as the doors were fastened they went away, but soon returned with a sledge, and breaking open the doors, they entered. My father took me with him into an upper chamber and locked the door. The bailiffs took all the things below, excepting some straw which they left for us to sleep upon, and carried them away. This was in the cold season, and I suffered much, living in this condition, not having hardly enough to eat, and staying at home many nights alone. My father having yet some feeling left, took me to my grandparents, and told them that he would pay one-half a crown per week for my support; they agreed to keep me, and then he went away to Halifax, four miles distant, to work in the mills, weaving. He came to my grandparents' to see me the two Saturday nights following, and the last night he came, called me up, as I was then abed, and gave me three half-pence, and then kissed me and left; and from that time I have never seen nor heard from him.

Now, truly I was alone, — my mother was dead, my father the same as dead to me, without sister or brother, and dependent on charity. My grandfather was very poor in circumstances, a shuttle-maker by trade. Both grandparents were pious, and members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church,

and lived up to their profession. I was now about five years old. My grandparents sent me to school a short time, but money was scarce, and as they could not pay my tuition, they took me from school and set me to work winding bobbins for weaving. After working at this about two years, my grandparents taught me to weave, and being too short to reach the looms, I was compelled to wear a pair of wooden clogs some two inches thick to reach the treadles. Business soon became dull in manufacturing, and we were left without work. My grandfather not getting anything to do, went to the overseers of the poor, to ascertain if they would assist any in my support; but they would not assist any one away from the poor-house. Shortly after this, my grandmother asked me if I should not like to go to Clayton, two miles distant; she said she would buy me some candy. I went, not expecting that she would take me to the poor-house; but poverty, to what straits will it not drive the most exemplary? When the pangs of hunger were driving them to desperation, she could not bear to tell me that she was going to take me to the poor-house. My grandmother, after she arrived there, conversed with a woman at the door a short time, then this woman took me under her arm, and while I kicked and screamed she carried me into the

house. I ran out into a back yard where there was quite a garden spot that had a fence some ten feet high around it. I climbed up this fence, and got caught so that I could neither get up nor down. The woman came and took me down and carried me into a room where there were a number of women and children, who stared rudely at me.

Here I was, a stranger. None knew me, and I knew none of them, and turning from their earnest gaze, I shrunk away into one corner of the room, and covering my face with my hands, I wept bitterly. I cried until dinner was served up, which consisted of coarse porridge, and which I could not eat, as I could not subdue my tears nor stop the throbbing of my heart. In this way I remained until supper, when the mistress kindly brought me a piece of bread and molasses, a part of which I managed to eat; after which a big, brawny fellow took me to an upper chamber, where among quite a number of beds I was stowed away in one corner of the room upon a small cot. Thus left, I sunk into an uneasy slumber; thoughts of my early home and of my mother came upon me; I thought that I again stood by my mother's bed, and with her hands again upon my head, she blessed me the same as the night she died. These words, "God bless and preserve the poor orphan," seemed to

ring in my ears, and bursting into tears, I awoke, and pulling the clothes over my head, I again sobbed myself into a broken slumber. Again, I thought of my home and of my grandmother; I thought I knelt by her side and repeated my evening prayer; again, my father seemed to stand by my bedside, as on the night he left me; I seemed to feel his burning kiss upon my cheek, and awoke to find myself an inmate of the poor-house. I could not sleep, — the hours passed slowly away, — every striking of the clock I heard, — how glad I was when the first ray of morning light found its way through the humble window. I hailed the bright messenger and welcomed his first coming to break the long, long darkness of the night. Ye, who sleep upon beds of down; ye, who pass the hours of night in pleasure and revelry, and would stay the morning light, think of the poor orphan; and may God, in his goodness and mercy, ever keep you from the miseries of the poor-house!

CHAPTER II.

With the first dawn of light I fell asleep; how long I slept I knew not, but was awakened by the harsh tones of the mistress, who rudely shook me by the arm, and said:

"Come, sir, is this the way you want to spend your time?"

I hardly dared to gaze into her face, but answered that I had not slept until daylight.

"Well," says she, "we sleep here by night and work by day, and we allow no breaking of these regulations. Now dress yourself and come down to breakfast."

I dressed as quick as possible, and hurried down. The room into which I went was a long one, and in the middle of it was a table reaching nearly the whole length, around which about fifty persons were seated. I seated myself beside a bright, pretty girl, about fourteen years of age, and while the others made some coarse remarks about me, this girl kind-

ly moved her chair for me to sit by her side. As I sat down, the whole company stared at me, and as I thought how different from the little table that we seated ourselves around at my grandmother's, tears filled my eyes, which caught the gaze of my mistress, and she said, "Come, we want no babies here, and you'll find we don't allow any baby whims. Now stop your crying, or go up stairs."

Stop my crying! As well she might have told the waves to stop their dashing upon some seashore, or stop the rays of the sunlight. I sprang from the table, and hastened up stairs to the room I had slept in, and cried until dinner time. I will say here that the poor-houses of England and those of the United States are not the same. Those of the United States are palaces compared with those in England. The meanest provisions that could be obtained, and served up in the most slovenly manner, were set before me; and, although I had always lived poorly at home, yet what we had was neat and clean, and managed with taste, but how different here. They did not seem to stand for ceremony, but each person seemed to act for himself, and intent only on taking care of number one. Every person seemed to be on his own hook, and a reckless dash was made at the soup dishes at a motion from the master of the house, who stood at the head of the

table ; and as I sat near one of these soup dishes, more of the soup was thrown in my face by the collision of spoons in the dish, than passed down my throat. The clattering of spoons and the buzz of voices nearly frightened me at first, being unused to such scenes as the one before me. The soup rapidly disappeared before the famished eaters, and I soon found that my share would be rather small, and that if I got any at all I should have to "run the gauntlet," I therefore timidly placed my spoon into the soup dish only to have it knocked out of my hands by a more bold adventurer. I made an effort to recover it, and one of the men near, mistaking my motion, thinking I was going to seize a piece of meat, of which I believe there was one piece, said, "Come, young chick, you are rather bold for so short a stop, but you'll learn before you have been here long to respect your betters." Blushing, I took my hand away from the dish, and as I was not hungry, I left the table and went up stairs to the room that I slept in, and passed the afternoon. The shades of night were drawing around, and as I looked from the window and heard the wind rustle through the trees, how sad the sound to me ; that which was music sweet to me at other times, now filled my soul with sorrow, and it seemed to be the very echoing of my saddened

heart. But I gazed beyond, and as I looked up to the bright heavens and saw the evening stars twinkle, and the moon shedding forth her rays of light, and as the darkness increased and the shadows of the trees appeared, stretching forth their huge limbs along the dusty way, I was startled by the shrill, piercing cry of the whippowil. What shrill tones they were! They thrilled in my ear like that sound which I never shall forget, the trumpet tones that were blown at my mother's funeral. This, of the whippowil, seemed to be the same shrill blast. I thought when the trumpet was blown, of the loss of my mother, and now this seemed to remind me of the loss of my father. As I looked out I heard the rumbling of wheels, and immediately a carriage came swiftly up to the door, and a man alighted and took a child from the carriage. I heard the treading of feet below, and the distant tones of my mistress's voice, and then the reply of a man. I saw the carriage turn and hasten away. Another one, I thought, has come to crowd the already overfilled poor-house. I leaned on the window sill and wept. I then went and knelt down in one corner of the room, and with upturned eyes I repeated my evening prayer, and prayed that God would take me home to Him where my poor mother was. I then arose and went back to the window again, and

leaned against the window sill. Sleepiness came over me. How long I slept I know not; but when I awoke the sunlight filled the chamber. I remembered of going to sleep at the window, but I was now in my little cot, my clothes were off, and I inwardly blest the one who had cared for the poor orphan. While musing, a girl came to my side, the one I sat beside at the table. She said, "Do you remember where you went to sleep last night?" I told her it was by the window, I thought. She said, "My mistress came up with me last night, and seeing you at the window, she said, 'Dirty boy, let him stay there.' But after mistress was gone, I took and carried you to your cot." I thank you, I said, and could say no more. I felt happy to know that there was one that felt and cared for the poor orphan. After recovering some, I conversed with this girl, but while talking with her I heard my mistress calling me to come down. I rose up immediately, and dressed myself, and went down and found that the breakfast was cleared away, but the mistress gave me a cracker with a mug of water. The cracker I ate, but I felt weak, and I plead with her to send for my grandmother to come and take me home. But she paid no attention to my request, and I found it availed me nothing to plead

with her. I felt the tears trickling down my cheeks, my head grew dizzy, and I fell senseless to the floor. When I came to myself, I was in my little cot. I beheld watching at my side the girl who had been so kind to me. I tried to rise, but exhausted, fell back on the bed and closed my eyes to sleep. What dreams I had! In my imagination I was carried to a fairy land; it seemed as if thousands were gathered before me, and music sweet fell like the faint murmur of rippling brooks, and then in prolonged and swelling notes it seemed to break forth in such delightful strains that my soul was in ecstacy. I looked around on this vast assembly, and near I beheld my mother. She looked at me, and an angelic smile seemed to light up her face, as she beckoned me to approach her. I hastened on; and as I neared her, stretched forth my hand to grasp hers. A few more steps and I should take her by the hand. But before me was a deep, dark chasm, into which I had almost plunged. I looked down this dark abyss, and could see no bottom. I raised my eyes, the scene had changed; dark forests of trees were all around me; clouds seemed gathering over my head, and I turned and hurried from the place; but dark, black clouds were hastening after me; I turned to look behind, when a vivid flash of lightning, that blinded me for

an instant, accompanied with a startling crash of thunder that rocked the trees, and seemed to rend the earth asunder, struck a huge tree at my side. A bright ball of fire struck the top, and scattering the limbs around, sunk deep in the earth at my feet. It awakened me; my lips were parched, my flesh hot; some water was at my side, I eagerly drank it down, and again I slept until morning dawned, and I arose refreshed, and with what joy I learned that they had sent for my grandmother to come and take me home, thinking that unless they did, I should worry myself to death.

CHAPTER III.

How happy I felt, and how quick I dressed myself and hurried down to wait her coming to take me home. Looking out of the window to catch the first glimpse of my grandmother, how my heart beat as I saw her form approaching the poor-house. I could not wait her coming, but seizing my cap, I hurried from the room and ran down the road to meet her. When I reached her I threw myself into her arms and wept, now tears of joy. She was so overcome that she sat down beside the road and wept freely, and kissing me, she said, "If I have only one meal a day, thee shall have one-half of it, Isaac." I felt so happy that I laughed and wept by turns, and I told her I would do anything for her if she would never send me to the poor-house again. She said she never would; and arising from the ground, we turned our backs to the poor-house, and started for home. All my wardrobe I had on my back, and as we went toward home how happy I felt, every-

thing looked beautiful around me. The sun was shining brightly, and the earth was clothed in green; the fragrance of the blossoms was wafted on every breeze; my troubles were all forgotten; my poverty was at once changed into riches, for as I looked on the broad face of Nature, I thought the sun is shining for me, the birds are singing for me, the sweet scent of roses was wafted on every breeze to me, and can I not enjoy the beauties of God's creation as highly as the person who can command his millions? For although his money is at his command, yet not the whole of it can stop the singing of the birds for me, or the rays of the sun shining for me, or blot out one of the thousands of stars that illuminate the heavens. Then am I not happy to be thus situated,—having wealth that cannot be counted,—riches that cannot be estimated, conferred daily upon me? And as these thoughts rushed through my mind, how happy I felt. I would run some distance before my grandmother, until her form would be just visible behind me, and then sit down beside the road to wait her coming. When we arrived home I was set to weaving again; but business became dull, and we had very little to do, and I remember of hearing many prayers offered up to the Throne of Grace that God would send them some work, that they might get some money

to buy their daily bread, and oftentimes some little jobs would come, and thus we were kept along.

About this time a new kind of hand loom, called the "Jacquard" loom, was introduced for weaving. My grandfather took the job of boring the "Cumber-boards," (they were full of holes for the harness to pass through,) and I used to tread the lathe to help bore them, which was very hard work for so small a boy, and I used to drip with sweat. My grandfather saved up some money by this job, but my grandmother was taken sick shortly after, and it took all the money he had saved to pay the expenses of her sickness, and thus we were left almost destitute again. But they trusted in God and prayed still, and in this condition we lived, getting just enough to keep us alive. One morning I overheard my grandfather say to my grandmother, that I should have to go to the poor-house again. On hearing this, I hardly knew what to do. I had rather do anything than go to the poor-house. The very thought made me sick. But while thinking what I had better do, I thought of the coal mines—could I get work there? I was small, but boys worked in the mines as small as I was. I will try, I said to myself, and I ran out of the house and went to one of the coal mines that was about one

mile distant, and here I hired out with a collier for six shillings and six pence per week. I then went back and told my grandparents what I had done; they consented for me to go to work the next morning. The coal mines are the last resort to obtain a living, and no parents will let their children go into the mines if they can otherwise support them. Children, when very small, can get work in the mines when they could not at any other place; thus the reason for going into the mines so young. I went to work in the coal-pit.

In opening a coal mine they first sink a shaft to the seam of coal, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet deep. Often in sinking a shaft, the loose dirt will fall in, and to prevent this, the upper part of the shaft is walled around, sometimes this is done nearly the whole depth. These shafts are from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. Another difficulty that arises is, that veins of water are struck, which immediately commence to fill up the shaft. This is excluded by lining the shaft with boards fastened to the sides, which is called tubbing. If the first shaft that is sunk proves successful, another is, in most cases, sunk a short distance from the other, about fifteen feet, and then at the bottom an opening is excavated to the other

shaft; one of these is called the down cast and the other the up cast. The object is to get ventilation, the air descending the down cast and ascending the up cast.

In this mine I had to take coal in what is called a scoop or a small corve. This corve I drew my loads of coal in, was an oblong wagon, with small iron wheels, running on a railway. The distance to the mouth of the pit was two hundred yards. The passage was about two feet high. This corve was fastened to me by a chain, passing between my legs and hooking into a staple in a broad leather belt that was around my waist. To haul a loaded corve, with the rigging attached, requires practice. At first it was exceedingly tiresome, and I have often fallen flat on my face from exhaustion, but by constant effort and practice it became less laborious. This corve I would haul by going on "all fours," or upon my hands and feet, while the weight of my body would be supported by the chain passing between my legs. In hauling my corve in this manner, I had the skin wore off my hands badly, so that my grandfather made me two wooden crutches to hold in my hands, and by them I was enabled to continue working without so much pain as before experienced, as the crutches kept my hands from

the earth and sharp pieces of iron ore that were in the bottom of the passage.

From the top of this pit to the bottom it was sixty feet. This mine was worked on a cheap scale, no horses, no machinery of any kind, excepting a block and tackle to hoist the coal from the bottom of the pit. My corve I would haul to the mouth of the pit, where the "banksman," so called, as he stands at the top of the pit and hoists out the coal, would lower down a rope with an empty corve attached, which, when lowered down the pit, I would take off and then fasten the rope to the loaded corve which the "banksman" would hoist to the top of the shaft and empty, and then lower down to receive the loaded corves as the boys would take them along. Sometimes the "banksman" would hoist so slowly, that I would have to wait sometime for him to lower down the empty corve, so as to go back, and my employer would throw large pieces of coal at me for being gone so long. Sometimes I have been struck so hard as to nearly knock me down. Then, again, I would hurry so fast with my corve to get back, that I have often struck my back against the ledge and bruised me so badly that the blood would trickle down at every step I took. The water in these mines was, in many places through which I hauled my load, six inches deep. Sometimes striking the

ledge, I have been thrown flat in the water, and I would pray that God would take me out of the world.

I worked in these mines two or three months, abused by all around me. I worked in the lower passage; above me was a passage or chamber, and one morning this chamber sprung aleak, and the water soon filled the passage that I worked in, so that I was obliged to leave off work. I went home and told my grandparents, and they set me to work weaving. I worked a few weeks, but as I did not earn enough to keep me, my grandparents sent me to look up some work. I went about one mile from home, to another coal mine, called "hunting pits," old mines that had been worked in many years before, and when left, the timber that supported the roof was knocked down, and by this the roof fell in, and considerable coal was in the passages. The work was to get the remainder of the coal. I hired out with a collier for eight shillings and sixpence per week. The colliers usually take their work by the job, and they hire boys to work for them, and to haul the coal out to the mouth of the pit, while they get or pick the coal out, which, of itself, requires practice and experience.

The colliers settled with the boys at the end of

every week, and my money I used to take home to my grandmother, she giving me a ninepence a week for spending money. We had to go up to an inn at the foot of Beacon hill, where our employers would settle with us. The colliers were all hard drinkers, and very profane, especially the one I worked with. The keeper of the inn usually did a good business Saturday night; for much of the money that was paid to the boys would be spent before they went home; and many times my employer, after settling with me Saturday night, would spend the balance of his money for drink, and then borrow of me. Since that time an act has been passed by Parliament, forbidding colliers paying off their help at taverns, under a fine or penalty of five to twenty pounds. The passing of this act has done a great amount of good to the poorer classes, and restrained drinking to some considerable extent.

One Saturday night the colliers had called for their help to go up to the tavern as usual, and settle. I having worked hard that day and during the week, had pleased my employer so well, that he was bound to treat me; and by strong persuasions he induced me to drink with the rest of them, and by so doing I got intoxicated so that I had to stop at the tavern until late at night before I was able to

go home. The scenes of that night are now before me, and I can easily trace much of the misery and sorrow which have followed me through a large part of my life, to the indulgences of that night. I started for home, and the first part of my journey my steps were irregular, but before I arrived home I was as sober as ever. My grandmother always sat up for me Saturday nights, and as I neared the house and saw the light burning in the window for me, my heart almost failed me; but mustering courage, at length I opened the door and entered. My grandmother was up and anxiously waiting for me. She met me at the door, and said, "Isaac, I am afraid that thee has been drinking with the colliers. I know that they all drink; have they not enticed thee to drink?" I could never tell my grandmother a falsehood, and I therefore told her the whole story. She talked long with me that night, and how earnestly she prayed that I might be saved from the temptations that beset me on every side, and that I might be kept from going down to a drunkard's grave.

How unhappy should I have felt if I had foreseen the evils that this act led me into. What great, and alas! what fatal results followed that first glass. When asked to drink I knew the evils of it. I knew the consequences of drinking strong drinks, yet I

had not moral courage enough to say, resolutely, No! Never taste or drink the first glass, and you will never be a drunkard; drink it, and the chances are against you. You may indeed say, as I did that night, "It will do no hurt this once." But if you drink the first time, you will be more liable to accept the second time it is offered you. Then, again, did you ever know a moderate drinker to say or even think that he would become a drunkard? They have not the least idea of such a thing. But who makes the drunkard, is it the sober, temperate man? No! It is the moderate drinker. Then, reader, beware, if you take your first glass because it is fashionable or manly, that you do not, by the use of strong drinks, bring your body to an early grave, and your soul unprepared to meet its God. That first glass that I took that night at the tavern, was the means of bringing misery and wretchedness upon me, and an appetite for strong drinks that well nigh carried me to a drunkard's grave. But my readers must pardon my digression here, if such they term it. My excuse is, that it is demanded, and I should fail to discharge that duty which devolves upon me of portraying the evils that arise from the results of taking the *first glass*, if I lightly passed this over.

CHAPTER IV.

On Monday morning following, I arose early, as I was accustomed to do, and took my scanty breakfast and started for my work. My way was through a narrow road, called "Stock's Lane." This lane was about one-half a mile long, and one mile from this lane was the Sheffield Furnace Iron Foundry. The blaze that went up from the chimneys of that Foundry would cast a light for miles around. One side of this lane that I traveled was shady, while the other was very light. By the side of this lane was Dolphin Chapel, with a burial ground attached, where my mother was buried. I had often heard the old people tell of ghosts being seen here, and when passing this burial place I used to keep on the dark side of the lane, so that no one could see me. Passing thus along early Monday morning, on the dark side, I tripped my foot against something in my way, and fell headlong. I arose quickly, and

hearing behind me a snorting and clanking of chains, with my hair standing on end, I ran as fast as I could. I had gone but a short distance before I came in contact with some kind of an animal, and again fell prostrate to the ground. Now fear seized me, and with sweat dripping from me, I started with all speed. Again I heard the clanking of chains, and thinking that the "Old Fellow" himself was at my heels, I ran into a shed and braced myself against the door. I remained in this situation until I heard the voices of the other boys going to the mines, when I went out and told them how I had been frightened. They laughed, and said that they had been frightened in the same manner, and told me what had frightened me was nothing more than two jackasses, owned by my uncle, that had lain down for the night, and had been suddenly startled by my running on to them, and being breechy they were clogged, a chain running from one foot to another. I joined the boys, and we went to the mines.

In these mines the water was some six inches deep. Working in this water my clothes would be soaked through, although I did not have clothes on, only a pair of pants; so when I went home, it being cold weather, my clothes would freeze stiff, and

would rub the skin off my legs, making it very painful for me to walk. These mines I would go into Monday morning, and would not see the sun again, only by glimpses up through the pit, until the next Sunday morning, as I used to leave the mines after sunset, and go in before it was hardly light.

I was now about eleven years old, but much larger and stronger than boys usually are at my age.

About this time, my cousin who lived under the same roof with me, came to work in the mines; his mother always opposed strongly my going into the mines, but she found that I stood the labor so well, and that I grew stronger and more robust since I entered the mines, that she at last gave her consent for her son to go to work in them.

He was very delicate, and after working in the mines a short time, in the water, he took cold, which brought on a cough, from which he never recovered. He was naturally timid and afraid, and as we passed through "Stock's Lane," I always used to go forward. About this time there were stories circulating of a wild man having been seen here, and he was more than usually timid. As we were going through this lane one morning, as we went to the mines, which was early, before any colliers

had arrived, we saw a bright light issuing from one of the cabins near the pit; and looking in we saw two men, one had a long beard reaching down to his breast. "That's the wild man," said I, and then running to the pit, I seized the rope that went down the pit, and slid down into the mines. My cousin followed me; we were both scared, and ran and hid away until the miners began to come; and then we came out and told them what we had seen, but the two men had gone before the colliers came to work. The men were probably travelers, who went into a turf cabin to rest for the night. My cousin had the skin worn off his hands so badly by sliding down the rope, that he was unable to work, and went home and never came to work in the mines again. A short time after this, I was working in the mines one morning, when suddenly the roof broke down, and I was buried in the dirt; but one of the colliers being near me, seized hold of my legs and pulled me out. I was bruised badly, and wished to go home, but my master would not let me. When I went home at night, I told my grandmother, and she kept me at home two days. While out those two days, as it was about the time to celebrate the "gunpowder plot," I got me a large iron cannon and some powder,

and when I went into the mines I took the cannon and powder with me into the pit. I there loaded it, jamming in stones and dirt; the colliers were most of them drunk, celebrating, and they dared me to fire it off. I took a candle, and while the men were staggering around me, I touched the powder. The cannon burst, and the pieces were blown in almost every direction, but none of us were struck by the pieces, although so near. For some time I worked in these mines, no serious accidents occurring, although hardly a day passed by without some slight accidents happening. The following is taken from Tomlinson's Cyclopedia.

"The accidents in the coal-pits are very numerous. According to one return, for every one hundred men employed, seventy-two accidents occur annually, of which five are fatal. The accidents are almost entirely bruises and broken limbs, arising from the falling down of the coal and heavy materials of the mine. These accidents can only be obviated by a safer system of extracting the minerals, by a liberal supply of timber and lights, and by prudence and caution on the part of the workmen and overlookers. Such accidents are most numerous in mines where middle men, or butties, are allowed; they take the contract for a

piece of work from the proprietor, and give it out to the men, and it is their interest to do the work as cheaply as possible, without any regard to the safety of the men."

A few honorable exceptions are, however, mentioned in the Parliamentary Report. One of these is the case of a man named Mason, whose pit had for a long period been almost entirely free from accidents, and the reason assigned by the men was, that they met together to pray every day in the dinner hour. "About one o'clock the drink goes down the pit, and if a man is not at the place of prayer in ten minutes after, he forfeits his drink. They sing and pray, and ask a blessing on what they are going to have, and then they sit down in the road and eat their dinner and drink their beer; and after dinner one reads out of the scriptures and explains it, and tells the others what the preacher has said about it. Sometimes they get God's spirit among them very much, and sometimes less so. Very few of these men could read, and it was stated that "a man could not be allowed to join in singing and praying unless he was thought to be living as a man ought to do." To work in these mines the colliers have to exercise much caution, and an experienced workman can tell immediately

by sounding the roof, if the dirt is likely to fall in; and if so, they support it with timber. While standing under the roof one day, one or two pebbles fell at my feet, and I had barely time to spring away from the spot, before some two or three tuns of dirt and coal fell with a crash, on the very spot where I had been standing. I went immediately to the mouth of the pit, and called for the "banksman;" and just as I looked up, he dropped his "tug," as it is called, (a piece of iron used to haul in the loaded corves as they are hoisted up,) which struck me on my forehead, knocking me down instantly. In a short time one of the colliers came along and took me up. I recovered soon and went home, and my employer finding that I should not be able to work for some time, hired another boy to take my place, which left me without work again. My grandfather soon after this went to a neighboring town to sell shuttles, and while partaking of a lunch at an inn, a gentleman asked him if he knew of any boy that he could hire to work in the mines. This man was a steward or surveyor of coal. My grandfather told him that he had a boy, who would work with him, and he agreed to give me my board and clothes for my labor. When my grandfather returned home, he told me what he had done, and

as this was Saturday, my employer came for me the Monday morning following, and I went gladly with him, for I did not wish to be supported by charity. These mines that I commenced to work in, were about 120 yards deep. My work was the same as in the other mines, only somewhat harder. In these mines was the choke-damp, so called by miners; it is a carbonic acid gas, and has a suffocating nature. It issues from certain veins in the mines, and no person can long withstand its power. I have often, when descending these mines, been obliged to cry out for the banksman to hoist me back, having my candle go out, and being nearly suffocated by the vapor arising out of the pit. The surveyor sometimes would not believe me, and he would be lowered down only to be hoisted back again.

In these mines in some places, the bottom of the passage would be entirely dry, while in other places the water would be from two to six inches deep. The boys used to work in the mines naked above their waist, and so begrimmed would they be by the coal-dust, that the only way we could distinguish one another, was by the voice. There were besides the boys in these mines, seven girls that did the same labor, and were about the same ages of the boys. These girls were bright, intelligent,

and very pretty; but when at work in the mines, a stranger would have taken them to be negro boys. One of these girls was the surveyor's (my employer's) daughter; she was a very pretty girl. She used to work alongside of me, and oftentimes when my corve got off from the track, she would assist me in getting it on again. Soon after I came into the mines, she went away to work in the mills. I missed her much, but I thanked God that she had got out of the coal mines. Employing girls in the coal mines was tolerated in England only about sixteen years ago, and no slave girls upon a southern plantation are worked so hard as they were. When very small, they are put into the mines; usually, they are put in when younger than boys, for a singular notion of the parents that they are quick and more capable of making themselves useful. The following extract will show how they are worked in the coal-mines.

"The child has to descend a nine ladder pit to the first rest, where a shaft is sunk to draw up the basket or tub of coal filled by the bearers; she then takes her creel or basket, a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle-shell, flattened towards the neck, so as to allow lumps of coal to rest on the back of the neck and shoulders, and pursues

her journey to the wall-face, or room of work, as it is called. She then lays down the basket, into which the coal is rolled, and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden to her back. The tug or strap is placed over the forehead, and the body bent into a semi-circular form in order to stiffen the arch; large lumps of coal are then placed on her neck, and she commences her journey with her burden to the pit bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her head. One girl noticed by the commissioner to examine coal mines, had first to travel about eighty-four feet from the wall-face to the first ladder which is eighteen feet high; leaving the first ladder, she proceeded along the main passage (probably three and a half to four feet high) to the second ladder, till she reached the pit bottom, when she casts her load varying from one hundred weight to one and a half hundred weight into the tub. This one journey is called a rake. The height ascended and the distance along the roads added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and it often happens that the tugs break, and the load falls upon those girls that are following."

Many hearts were made happy when an act of Parliament prohibited females from working in the mines, also boys under ten years of age, with a

heavy penalty attached to it, for those who violated the law. In this mine that I worked in now, they used a "gin," so called, for hoisting up the coal; this gin was worked with ponies. One night some evil-minded person went to the mine and nearly severed the rope used for hoisting and lowering the corves down into the pit; it was not noticed by the workmen in the morning, as the rope was carefully wound around the axle, so that the place where it was cut could not be perceived. The next morning two boys jumped into the car to be lowered down the pit; they had descended but a short distance, when the rope parted and they were precipitated some eighty-three yards to the first chamber, and crashing through this they went down with the car thirty-five yards to the bottom of the pit, and were instantly killed. They could not be recognized, as they were crushed to pieces. I usually arrived at the pit as soon as any of the boys, but that morning I was late, and by being late, I saved my life. A short time after this sad accident, a small boy that worked near me, about twelve years old, had loaded his corve too much behind, he stooped over to pull the coal forward, when a piece of iron ore weighing some two hundred pounds, fell and struck him on the back of

his head, instantly killing him. Some of the colliers took and carried him to the mouth of the pit, where he was hoisted to the top. I was a short distance from the spot at the time of the accident, and was ever reminded of it when passing the place where it happened. My employer got the consent of my grandfather to bind me to him until I was twenty-one years of age, and I willingly acquiesced in the arrangement, as I did not wish to be a burden to my grandparents; but my grandmother would not consent to the arrangement, and she came and took me home, and again I was without work. My grandfather could not keep me without working, as they could barely make a living while I was at work; so in a few days I started in pursuit of work. I arose early one morning, and so earnest was I to obtain a situation, that I could not stop to eat my breakfast, but took a biscuit in my hand, and taking my hat, I was going out of the house, when my grandmother called me back, and said, "Isaac, take my blessing before you go;" and standing upon the door-step, she put her thin hand upon my head, and said, "God preserve thee from danger, and may thee obtain some work, that we may be kept from starving;" and as she turned from me, I felt a tear drop upon my head. How

that tear drop thrilled me! It seemed to open a fountain of tears, and they burst from my eyes; wiping them away with my jacket sleeve, I darted from the house, and ran until I was out of sight, and then I seated myself beside the road and wept freely. I had never seen my grandmother so agitated before, and I thought that poverty must be staring them in the face. I remained in thought a short time, but I knew that I must obtain some work; and arising, I continued my journey about two miles to some mines where I obtained work. I hired out with a collier for eight shillings a week. This man was a hard master, and a hard drinker. In the pit where I worked, the water was continually dripping from the roof—the miners called it raining, so that in a short time after going into the mines, we would be soaking wet. The water in this pit varied from two inches to a foot in depth, and in some places it had stood so many years that it was cankery, or corroded, and working in it barefooted, it would eat the skin off between my toes, making it very painful. Working in this water, I took cold, and it settled in one of my knees, and it swelled so badly that my grandmother cut my pants open and bandaged it around, and in this condition I walked two miles to and from my work. This was in the cold season, and I froze my feet

badly, so that I had to stay at home. The swelling on my knee grew worse, and my grandparents thought it would be a white swelling; but fortunately some dozen or more running sores broke out upon my legs, which carried the swelling on my knee away.

CHAPTER V.

I was confined to the house some three weeks or more; but as soon as I could get about, I had to obtain work again. I did not want to go into the mines again, if I could obtain work at any other place. I went some three days around to get work, but was not successful. I asked many times for work, and by some I would be greeted with a gruff reply, that they wished for no small boys; by others, no notice would be taken of my request, and I would leave without repeating the inquiry. But I must obtain work, I said to myself, and I must go to the mines again; so I went to "shelve pit," opposite an Inn called the "Shoulder of Mutton," about one mile from home, where I got a job that kept me at work about one month, when the mines closed up, and I was left upon my grandparents again.

I went to L——, one mile and a half from home, and hired out with a collier for nine shillings a

week. This mine was worked on a different scale from the other mines I worked in. There was no shaft sunk into the ground; but a passage was made into the side of a high bluff, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Windlasses were used at the outside of the passages. There were two tracks, one for the corves to go down, and the other for the loaded corves to go up. The loaded corves were wound up by a long chain affixed to the windlass, that was worked by ponies. In this mine twenty-five boys and fifteen colliers worked. The distance down the inclined plain was fifty yards; and from the bottom there was a level road about one mile long. The bed of coal, when I came into the mine, had run out, and they had come to a solid ledge of iron ore, through which we had to blast. To make a blast, they drill a hole about one yard deep, which is filled nearly full of powder, and in the top is jammed coal-dust, and then it is ready for blasting. We had gone some twenty feet into this ore, I had to assist in hauling the iron ore and dirt away, when one day we were making a blast, I took the canister of powder from my employer, and went some twenty yards to a passage that went to the left, where I should be safe from the explosion. These explosions

would reverberate in the passages so loud and long that I could not hear myself talk for some seconds after.

I was in such haste to get away from danger that I left my corve in the passage, which was only a trifle wider than the corve. The collier had lighted the fuse, and was hastening away from the blast, when he came to my corve, by which he managed to squeeze himself; but so enraged was he at my carelessness in leaving it in the way, that when he arrived where I was, he ordered me to go out and take my corve out of the way. I was afraid to go, and I was still more afraid to stay; I turned to go, and had just got into the passage when the explosion took place, and one large piece of iron ore came with such force as to go through my corve, which was of iron, and I had just time to dodge back into the passage to the left, when it went past me with part of the corve. It was a terrible explosion. The roof shook over our heads, and for some time I thought it would come down and bury us forever in the passage. We all stood trembling there while it thundered back and forth in the passages. By the dim light of our candles I could see my employer's face, which was as pale as death. As the noise ceased, my employer said, "This

won't do—it is too risky—we shall have to give it up. If I am not mistaken, we shall find that much of the roof is thrown down." We hastened towards where the blast was made, but we could not reach the place, as the roof had fallen in, and completely filled the passage so that we could not proceed. The "boss" came to the conclusion that it would not pay to work the mine, and by doing it, run the risk of life; he therefore took me with the rest of the boys, and carried us to another mine a short distance from this one.

From the new mine that I now worked in, there was a subterranean passage to the last one I worked, or the one we blasted, and I have often, with the other boys, gone through this passage to the mine. This passage was the means of saving my life, with that of my employer. One forenoon, a short time after I had commenced to work in this mine, as there was no coal to hoist out, the banksman was away, and my employer and myself went into the mine alone, prospecting for coal. It was a muggy morning, the air damp and heavy, and we had been in the mine but a short time before the choke damp began to affect me some; my candle flickered and went out. I ran to the collier, who was but a short distance from me, and told him that my light had gone out, and that I could not

stand the damp. He began to rave and curse the damp, but while talking, his own light went out, and we were thus left in almost total darkness, excepting the glimmering light that came down the shaft. The damp now began to affect my employer. "What shall we do?" he asked. I took hold of the rope to ascend the shaft, but I was weak, my strength failed me. I was always expert in going up a rope, and had many times ascended the shaft in this manner, but my hope was now cut off here. We cried out for help, but none came! We were fast failing under the influence of this fell destroyer, when I thought of the subterranean passage! "We are saved!" I said. "What do you mean by saved?" said my employer. "That our lives are saved. I know a passage that will carry us safely out, if I can find it in the darkness," I said. "Well, for God's sake," he exclaimed, "let us find it quick, for I can hardly stand;" and turning at the same time toward me, I was frightened at the death-like paleness of his face, as a ray of light down the shaft flitted across it.

"Follow me," I said, "and we will try;" and upon our hands and knees (the passage would not admit of standing erect), we groped our way along. There was a trap-door that opened into the

passage, and it was this that I wanted to find. I hurried along as fast as I could, (with a piece of rope tied to my waist, the end of which my employer had hold of, afraid that unless he did, I should get off, and leave him to perish) to find the trap-door. We groped in the darkness some distance. Once or twice I struck my head against the roof with such force that it stunned me, and I fell flat upon the bottom of the passage; but my employer coming up with me, would lift me up, and push me forward. Before reaching the trap-door, I knew that we must take a passage to the left, and I began to think that I had taken the wrong passage, and I was just on the point of turning back when I came to the one to the left. As I turned the corner, I knew that I was but a short distance from the door, and hope revived—but I felt the rope tighten around my waist! I turned and spoke to my employer, but received no answer. I hurried to where he was—he lay senseless upon the bottom of the passage! I commenced to beat him with my fists, and to halloo in his ears: "Courage!" I said, "I have found the door, in a few moments we shall be safe. Follow me!" I hurried forward again, my employer following me, and soon came to the trap-door. I swung it open, and the fresh air rushing in, revived me, and I

could not help falling upon my knees and thanking God for his care over me, and for our safe escape. I crept through the trap-door, and looked back for my employer, but he had fainted at the opening of the door. I pulled him through, and shutting the door, ran to where some miners were at work, (this passage was high enough to stand erect), and got some water. I then hurried back, and dashing it in his face, soon had the pleasure of seeing him recover. We walked out to the mouth of the passage, and sat down on the ground until we had fully recovered.

My employer never went into the mines again, and as he did not want me any longer, he settled with me, and I went home to my grandparents. While at home, my grandfather was taken sick; and this was his first and last sickness. He continued to fail for three weeks, and when near his end, I was in the room; I never shall forget the scene. My uncle Edward stood near the foot of the bed, and he said to my grandmother, "He will never speak again!" My grandmother went to the head of the bed and said, "Jonas, how art thou?" "I am happy! I am happy!" he said, and expired.

This incident made a deep impression upon me. I had stood beside those who had died — who had no hope in Christ; that had no hope beyond the

grave, and when death came, they quailed before the grim messenger, and with bitter oaths and awful groans, they left the earth. But how great the contrast between the death of the sinner and the Christian. Calmly and silently the Christian meets death, and feels happy to welcome him, knowing that to die and be with Christ is gain.

I felt sad at the death of my grandfather, for I had been with him so long, that I felt that he was the same as a father to me. Although my grandmother was spared, yet as she was poor, I thought that my uncle Edward would have the control over me, and this made me feel bad, for I knew that he drank hard, and oftentimes came home drunk, and would then abuse his family, sometimes driving them out of the house. I heard my grandmother pray for him, that he might give up the intoxicating cup, and that he might be saved from the doom that awaits the drunkard. Oh! the power of prayer! Who of us can tell its mighty influence? When we shall stand at the judgment seat of Christ, then unfolded to us will be the mysteries that we cannot now comprehend. Then shall we more fully understand than we now do, the power there is in prayer. The centurion, when he asked Christ to heal his servant, said "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof;

but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." Jesus said, "Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." It was the faith of the centurion that saved his servant. Think of this, ye Christians, who may peruse these lines, and remember that your prayer for the poor drunkard shall not be in vain.

It was the custom then at funerals to have what is called a "funeral cake," and every one that goes into the house takes a piece of this cake as the remains of him that has passed away. I remember that my grandfather was carried to the Methodist church, where a sermon was preached; from thence he was carried to the grave, and there the minister, dressed in black, made some remarks—spoke of my grandfather as being a consistent Christian, and of his adherence to the cause of Christ through difficulties and trials. The corpse was then lowered into the grave, and a hymn sung, and the company then went to the Dolphin Chapel Tavern, where they held a "funeral burial drinking," as it was termed. Each one that went paid one shilling, which money went to pay for the drink. They drank "mulled beer," and my uncle Edward drank so much that he got intoxicated, and had to be carried home. I drank with the rest of them.

My grandmother now broke up housekeeping,

and my uncle William took all the things, excepting a loom that my grandmother kept to weave with. She tried to get along with weaving, so as to support herself and me; but we could not earn enough to support us, so my uncle William took me into his charge.

CHAPTER VI.

My uncle Edward drove a team to the coal mines, and purchased coal, which he would haul to the village and sell. At the pit where he bought his coal, he got me work, and although I was unwilling to go to work in that mine, as I knew what a bad one it was,—passages very steep, so that the boys were in danger of being run over by their corves, and also bad water — yet he compelled me to go. The passage into the mines, (it was an inclined plane,) was just large enough to admit one corve with a little to spare. I could just squeeze by one. These corves had brakes fixed to the wheels to keep them from running over the boys when they went the down grade. The collier that I hired out with, was a tyrannical fellow. Working one day, he thought I was gone too long with my corve, and when I came back, he began to curse and swear at me for having been gone so long. I told him that I went as quickly as I could, which enraged him,

and he told me to come where he was, and help fill up the corve. The boys were not expected to shovel any coal, but sometimes when our corves were not full when we came back with the empty ones, we would help fill them. I went and took the shovel, and commenced to fill my corve, when my boss began to strike and kick me, saying, "I'll learn you better than to contradict me." I thought he would kill me! My grandmother told me that when any person abused me, to tell them I was an orphan boy; I therefore told him I was an orphan boy, and when I told him this, he ceased abusing me. I was not able to work the rest of the day, but he made me. When night came, I hurried home and told my grandmother how my employer had treated me; but all she could do was to pray for me, which she did earnestly, and I still kept to work in the mine. A short time after my master had abused me so badly, I was going into the mine, when the brake slipped off my wheel, and as I could not hold it from going down the passage, I had to run as fast as I could before it, until at a turn in the passage, it struck against me, jamming my head severely. I crawled up and got upon a loaded corve, as it was drawn up the passage, unknown to my employer, and jumped off, and hurried home. When my uncle went to the mines

after coal, my employer told him that I had run away home. My uncle then went to the house and came into my grandmother's room, with a whip in his hand, and ordered me to go back to the mine. I showed him the bruises on my head, and told him how it was caused, and that I was not able to go back; he would pay no regard to my explanations, but ordered me back to the mine. I ran behind my grandmother's loom, and my uncle came towards me with the whip. My grandmother entreated him not to strike me, but he paid no attention to her entreaties, but struck me with the whip, and told me, that unless I went back to the mines, he would horsewhip me. I started for the mines, and he followed, and when he came up to me, would cut me with the whip; thus was I compelled, although bruised badly, to go back and work in the mines.

I continued working in this mine about one month; I then went to L——— to work for nine shillings a week; it was four miles from home. My uncle now had no control over me. This mine was near "Pickle's Gate," and near by was an old building that was reported to be haunted, and that many murders had been committed there. My uncle William was a weaver by trade, but business became dull, and he was thrown out of employ-

ment, and came to work as brakeman on a coal-car, where I was; and wishing to get his family near him, he went to see if he could not get a tenement to live in. He went to the owner of the old building, as he was ignorant of the stories about it, and the owner told him that he might have the rent free if he would occupy it. My uncle thought that it was a generous offer, and he immediately moved his family into the old building, and as it was some distance to my grandmother's, I went to board with him.

When we came home nights from work, the children would tell us that they had heard strange noises in the house, and they seemed to be very frightened, and very loth to stay alone. In this manner it passed on several days, when one night, as my uncle and myself were returning from our work, we approached the old house, my uncle said to me, "I see a light in the cellar window." "I guess not," I said, "the girls don't go down cellar." But he still persisted that he saw a light, and hastening towards the house, we went up the stairway, which was on the outside of the building, and opening the door, the children were all there waiting our coming. "Have any of you been down stairs with a light?" my uncle asked. They replied that they had not. The building was out of re-

pair, and the only part that was tenantable was the second story. My uncle told us to wait for him, and taking a lantern, he started for the cellar. He found the stairway that led to the cellar, and passing noiselessly down the rotten stairs with his lantern shaded, he saw a light issuing from the key-hole of the cellar door; and stooping down, he looked through, and saw not more than ten feet from him, four men, one standing up, while the others were seated around on boxes, dressed like citizens, with the exception of a three-cornered cap which they had on. As my uncle was looking through, one spoke, and said to the person that was standing up, "Captain, I'll tell you what it is, I'm not going to risk my life any longer; now there's them young ones up stairs poking around; the first thing we know, we shall be caged."

"Well, Jim," said the captain, "we must do something. You know I've sent a man here a dozen times to make a noise, and scare the children, and get them out of the house; but hang me if they don't stick like a leech. Jones, there is that lantern again; this is the second time you have let light strike the window; suppose some one was passing."

"Don't be scared," said Jones, "the window is boarded up."

"Well, the light might be seen by some one passing, if it is boarded up," said the captain.—"But to go on. I'll tell you, Jim. That fellow up stairs is some kin to me, and I don't like to resort to harsh measures; but kin or no kin, if he don't leave soon, we will take some measure to remove him. But come, boys, we must be off, we have got a job, you know, to-night;" and upon this, they went to the farthest side of the cellar, and opening a door, they passed out. My uncle was not naturally a timid man, but he felt rather uneasy as he overheard them talk so coolly of removing him out of the way; and then the captain said he was some kin to him,—he could not think of any person that was related to him that followed such a profession for a living. For some time he was lost in meditation, but arousing, he thought of his children who needed his care. He turned and hastened up stairs, where we were anxiously awaiting his coming. We eagerly asked him what he had seen; but he told us that he would relate the circumstances to us in the morning. After supper, he told us to go to bed, while he kept watch over us. The next day at the breakfast table he told us the whole story, and that day he moved his family back to the old house.

The fire-damp was in the mines that I now worked in, carbureted hydrogen gas that issues from veins in the mines. Tomlinson's Cyclopedia says:

"The great and terrible scourge that distinguishes coal mines, and especially those of the great northern coal-field, is the escape of large quantities of fire-damp, which, mingling with the air of the mine in certain proportions, forms a mixture that explodes on contact with flame. This gas is much lighter than common air, and mingles readily with it, and when poured out into the workings, moves along with the ventilating current in the direction of the upcast shaft. The quantity of gas thus poured out is considerable, but subject to great variations, some seams being more fiery or full of gas than others; and in working these fiery seams, it is not uncommon for a jet of inflammable gas to issue from every hole made for the gunpowder used in blasting. The gas issues from these cavities with considerable noise, and forms what is termed blowers. These blowers are sometimes so constant in their action that the gas is collected and conveyed by a tube into the upcast shaft, continuing for months or years to pour out hundreds or thousands of hogsheads of fire-damp per minute. When thus provided for, the blowers

are not necessarily a source of danger; but when one of these reservoirs, containing the pent-up gas of centuries, and consequently under an enormous pressure, is suddenly broken open, the gas is set free in torrents, and mingling with the air of the mine, forms an explosive mixture which the first spark or naked flame may ignite, and thus cause a fearful destruction, both of life and property. Nor is the explosion itself always the thing to be dreaded most; for the ignition of the fire-damp kindles the coal-dust which always exists in great quantities in the passages, and, in a moment, causes the mine to glow like a furnace. This conflagration is succeeded by vast columns of carbonic acid gas, or choke-damp, as it is emphatically called, from its suffocating nature, and this destroys those whom the explosion had spared."

Near the mine that I worked in, was a small stream of water, and I have often built a dam so as to stop the flow of the water, and when it had run off below the dam, touch the bottom with a lighted candle, and instantly the whole bed of the stream would be in a flame. One morning there were two men going down the shaft with a lighted rope's end, when the blaze touched a vein of fire-damp, and it caused a terrible explosion, blowing the landing

boards to the top of the shaft, and the two men some fifty feet into the air, and the men were killed instantly.

This sad accident made me somewhat afraid of the coal mines, and I made up my mind not to work in them any more. I went home to my grandmother and told her of the awful accident that took place at the mine I worked in, and the conclusion I had come to, of not working in the mines again on any condition whatever. My uncle set me to weaving on a "Jacquard" loom. I was now about 13 years old. I worked with my uncle a few months, but as I could not make enough to support me, I left and went to Bradford, about four miles distant, to work with a man named Ackroid, weaving. I soon left this man and went to work for his brother, who agreed to give me my board and clothes for my labor. He was a great drinking man. I had heard of him before I went to Bradford, and if I could have done better elsewhere, I would not have worked with him. He used to bring liquor to his house, where he would sometimes treat me to a drink; but as he was very snug I was not treated often, but he and his wife would both get drunk together. I used to work hard for this man, and earned him fifteen shillings a week, and all I received was my board; and as for my clothes that he was to furnish

me, all I got were second-hand articles that had seen their best days.

I went home every Saturday night to see my grandmother, and one Saturday night I found her sick; but Monday morning I had to leave her, and with tears in her eyes she bade me farewell, and told me to remember the counsel she had given me, and be sure and not go into the army, (this she had many times before entreated me not to do,) and saying that she should never see me again, she bade me farewell, as she supposed, and which afterwards proved forever. I had to leave, although I thought that I should never see her again alive. I went back sorrowful, and stayed until the next Saturday night, then I hurried home, or to my grandmother's. I found my grandmother dead; she died on the same day of the month that my grandfather did. She was buried Sunday, and I stopped to the funeral and followed her to the grave. I saw her in the coffin, but I did not weep. I had passed through so many scenes that my heart was hardened. Her remains were carried to Dolphin Chapel, and a funeral sermon preached, where just one year before, I listened to my grandfather's. Her remains were then carried to the grave, and as they lowered her down into the ground, the tears began to flow,

and I thought, now I have the wide world before me—all my kindred that loved me are gone, and all I love,—now my home is wherever I may roam. No kind friends will weep at my departure; no friendly tear be shed; but henceforth I am a wanderer. But I thought of what my grandmother often told me, that God was a father to the orphan, and that if I loved Him, he would never forsake me. When I went back to the mill I often thought of those words, and prayed that God would take care of me, and oftentimes, when drinking with a friend, the pale face of my grandmother would seem to come up to reprove me.

About one month after my grandmother's death, I was playing with some boys in the mill-yard, and was thrown down and broke my wrist. I wrapped it around with my apron, and went to my employer's house. I was afraid to go in, and I therefore sat down on the door step. My employer's wife saw me there, but did not take any notice of me, although I was crying; but one of the boarders, named Daniel Sharp, (may God bless him for his kindness to me at that time,) asked me what I was crying about. I told him that I had broken my wrist, and did not know what to do, and here I burst into tears.

"Don't cry, sonny," he said, "we will get it fixed up; come with me;" and taking me by the hand, we started off to find a surgeon to set my wrist; we went a short distance, and Sharp led me into a physician's office. "Ah!" said the surgeon, "whom have we here?"

"A poor boy, who has broken his wrist, and wishes it attended to," said Sharp.

"You must seek some other place," said the surgeon, "as I have a call to make immediately; good day," he said, and advancing towards us, he fairly compelled us to go out the door, and deliberately shut it in our faces.

"Blast his pictur," said Sharp, "I had a good mind to have knocked the contemptible puppy down —the old snipe is rich as mud, and snug as an oyster; he knew at a glance that it was'nt a paying job, and he took that method to get rid of us; but cheer up, we will try again."

Sharp led me rapidly by shops and streets until we stopped by a stairway. "There," he said, "we will try here, and see what we can do;" and leading me up the steps, he opened a door, and walked into a room where there was a pleasant looking man, who bowed, and arose at our entrance. I felt cheered by his pleasant look, and thought my

journey was over. "Dr. Jameson, I believe," said Sharp.

"That is my name," said the occupant; "can I do anything for you to-day?"

"Can you set this youngster's wrist?"

"Yes, I ———" but here he stopped, for a girl came hastily in, and handed him a note, over which the doctor hurriedly looked, and said, "Must I go immediately?"

"That was my mistress's request," said the girl.

"Well, I suppose I must go;" and turning to Sharp, said, "Sorry that I cannot attend to the boy, but you see this is one of my patients, and I must attend to the case immediately."

Sharp said not a word, but pulling me along, hurried out of the office and down the stairs.

"Well, my son," he said to me, "are you tired?"

"I am not tired of walking," I said, "but my arm pains me."

"Well, we will try again;" and hurrying me across the street, he entered a druggist's store, and addressing the clerk who stood behind the counter, "Is the surgeon within?"

"You will find him in the rear of the store," he said, pointing to the back part of the shop.

We passed through into an office, in which was a man with the most forbidding countenance I ever beheld. Not giving us a chance to speak, he said, "I am very busy, you see, just now—had to turn three patients away," and looking sharply at me, said, "Poor, I see, t'wont do. I can't afford to lose my time. "Here, John," he said, opening the office door, "just fix that compound." Then turning to us, he continued; "You see how it is, I am dreadfully drove compounding, at present." He stood with his sleeves rolled up, with a spatula in one hand, scales in front, on a table, while various colored powders were heaped around.

"A new discovery,—entirely new; cures bronchitis immediately, upon two applications; one application effectually removes warts, and four destroys the bites or stings of the most venomous animal. How many boxes will you have?" he said, addressing Sharp.

"I don't want a single box; I want this boy's wrist set," said Sharp.

The compounder did not pay any attention to what Sharp said, but seemed to be absorbed in mixing the different powders.

"There, it is finished," he continued, and taking a small wooden box, he filled it up, and handing

it to Sharp, said, "there, friend, you need not be afraid of corns."

"Well, I am not afraid of corns, not by a d——d sight," said Sharp.

"Hold on," said the surgeon, "let me explain; as I said before, you need not be afraid of corns with that box in your pocket; it is a sure cure if applied immediately."

"Hang your corn powders; I want this boy's wrist set, which is broken," said Sharp.

At this point of the conversation, I noticed the clerk beckoning us to come out, and I pulled Sharp out into the shop.

"He is out of his head, poor fellow; he runs all on compounding; good joke, aint it?" said the clerk.

We thought it was a poor joke, and went out; by this we were delayed half an hour.

"Now, sonny," Sharp said, "I will go with you until we get some one to attend to your wrist."

We again went a short distance, and he took me into another surgeon's office, where there was an elderly man, with spectacles on. "Hurt?" he said.

"Yes, a broken wrist," said Sharp. "Can you attend to it?"

"Have you anything to pay, for attending to it?" said the surgeon, seeing we were dressed poorly.

"This is a poor boy, whom I found in the road crying. I suppose that he has nothing to pay with. I am sure I have not," said Sharp.

"You must take him to the Infirmary; they will attend to him there, though you will want a certificate. Let me see," and taking off my apron he examined my wrist, somewhat to my discomfiture, after which he wrote a line on a piece of paper. "There," he said, "you will want two more names. Let me see, I will give you the address of two of the nearest surgeons." And writing them down on the back of the small slip of paper, he handed it to Sharp.

We thanked him, and then went out to find the two surgeons to get their names, which we accomplished without much difficulty. We went to the Infirmary, and I had my wrist set, and then I went to my employer's house. I remained out of the mill three weeks, and then I went to work again with one hand in a sling.

CHAPTER VII.

One Saturday night, a short time after my wrist had regained its strength, I went to see my uncle William and stopped until Monday morning, when I arose early and started for my work. I had gone but a short distance below Dolphin Chapel, when I saw something black blow across the road. I went and picked it up, and found it to be a muff. I took it along with me until I came to the tavern at the foot of Beacon Hill, that I have referred to before, and went in. Two men were playing cards in the bar-room, and one said, "What have you got there?" as I held the muff up. I told him that it was a muff I had found but a short distance from the tavern. He took and examined it, after which he asked me how much I would take for it. I replied that I did not know how much it was worth, and that I did not know as I had any right to sell it, as it was not mine to sell. The man laughed, and told

me as I had found it, it was mine, and that he would give me a half a crown for it. I told him he might have it, as I did not know the worth of it, which I afterwards learned was twenty-five dollars, or five pounds. But as fifty cents was more money than I ever had of my own at any one time, I quickly took up the offer that he made me, and then went to my work.

The next day there came out a notice in the papers of a highway robbery having been committed at such a place, and a reward offered for the recovery of a muff, &c. The same day, two constables came into the mill where I was at work, and carried me to Bradford jail, and put me in a small, damp, dark cell, and kept me in that miserable place three days and nights, (and long ones they were to me, being unused to stopping in such places) to answer to the charge of highway robbery. Not quite 14 years of age, what a precocious youth I must have been to stop a carriage with a gentleman and lady, and demand their money! How sad I felt to be confined in a jail, and for nothing that I had done to deserve it. But I was cheered by the thought, that as I was innocent of the crime, and that they could not sustain the charge, that I should necessarily be freed. But how mistaken I was. I have

learned by bitter experience since, that the innocent often suffer in this world, while the guilty go free. On the forenoon of the fourth day I was brought before the magistrate, to answer to the charge against me of highway robbery. The gentleman and lady appeared against me, but could not swear that I was the robber; yet, circumstantial evidence, the finding of the muff at the tavern, my selling it for half a crown, was so strong against me that the charge was sustained, and I was ordered to be confined in jail three weeks, until the session of court. My heart sank within me when I heard the decision, and I seemed to feel that every one was against me. The next morning an officer came and handcuffed me, and took me from my cell. I was glad to get out of it, supposing that I could not get into a worse one, but I was mistaken. I was carried eighteen miles to Wakefield jail, the worst prison in England, and was there shown into a large room, where I was told to strip. They then brought me a shirt, a pair of pants, with yellow, black and green stripes,—one leg of which was some inches shorter than the other; then a vest, the original color of which could not be determined, and to finish, a pair of clogs, which were so large that I could step into them; and after being rigged

up in this style, I was told to look in the glass. I was somewhat startled at the change effected in my appearance, in so short a time. I was generally called decent looking, but I had undergone such a transmogrification, that I do not think crows would have ever troubled a cornfield with such a figure as I was, stuck up in the center of it. After having my head shaved, I was taken to a miserable cell, with a small cot in it, where I was told to make myself at home, and the officer went out and locked the door after him.

I looked around the room to see what I could do to pass away the time. The cell was about seven by nine, and my cot occupied one corner, while in another was a jug of water; these were all there were in the cell. Through a small grated window, the light came in, and by pulling my cot along underneath it, I could look out and see the boys and girls playing on the common. It was in the spring of the year, and all was beautiful, and never before did the earth, the sky, the flowers, and the trees look so fair as they did to me, as I gazed out of that grated window!

Everything seemed to be at liberty but me, and I was confined in prison, and for what? I tried to think what I was there for, but I could give no other reason than that of finding a muff, and sell-

ing it for fifty cents. As I would ponder the matter over in my mind, it would cause my blood to boil with indignation, and my evil passions would be aroused, and a spirit of revenge would be enkindled within me! When I was liberated, I would seek out the man who appeared against me, and kill him. And then again, I would think of the words that my grandmother used to read to me out of the old Bible; "Do good to them that despitefully use you,"—"Love your enemies;" and when these thoughts would come over me, how it would still my troubled mind, and quiet my angry passions. Then I would gaze from my window, and as the gentle breeze bore to my ear the merry laughter of the boys and girls on the common, the tears would course down my cheeks, and I would wish that I was dead. "Why is it," I said to myself, "that every person seems to be against me, and that I am spared to be thus persecuted, while other boys have all the privileges and enjoyments of life? I have as much right to them as they." It seemed as if I was indeed battling against the world—all against me. How unequal a warfare it is indeed, I thought. Thus I thought as I walked the floor, and rushing to my cot, I tried to drown my thoughts in slumber. I sunk into a drowse, but

my mind was as active as ever. It seemed as if I was upon a high precipice, beside the ocean, and was opposing a foe that I could not perceive, whose folds seemed to entwine around me, which I sought in every way to elude, but found myself completely in his control. With superhuman efforts, I endeavored to break from his grasp, but after a vain struggle, I sank exhausted to the earth. My strength returning, I arose to renew the contest, but it seemed as if my strength was nothing, compared with the monster; but by a lucky blow, I laid the monster prostrate at my feet, it seemed; but as I turned to hasten from the spot, a strong, irresistible power detained me, and turn which way I would, it seemed to meet me. The ocean was behind; I turned towards this—no power detained me! Death, I thought, is better than battling with an unseen foe; and springing from the bluff, I went through the air at a frightful speed—down! down! I went, until I plunged deep into the surging billows! I sprang from my cot, shivering! Thank God, it is all a dream! But what a frightful one! It was a singular dream to me. Should I heed it? I thought before the dream, that there was one way for me to make my escape, and that was to take my life; but I had not the

courage to think of it now. My dream had broken the foolish train of thoughts. It seemed to be the voice of a superior being that spoke to me through this singular and timely dream. It was dark when I laid down upon my cot, but now the morning light came into the window. "Thank God," I said to myself, "that my grandmother is not alive, and that I have no friends to lament my condition; but that I alone must bear it!" In this state I continued through the day. The next day was rainy, and it did not seem to be so dreary within, as it was disagreeable without; but towards night, the clouds parted, and the sun shone out in all its splendor, and the dew-drops on the trees glistened like diamonds.

I felt sad now, and miserable, to be thus deprived of the common blessings of life! Never do we know how to prize them until we are deprived of them. The liberty to rove over the earth, under the broad canopy of heaven, with the whole face of nature before us,—to enjoy all its beauties,—to feel the invigorating breeze, and to experience that enjoyment and pleasure that he alone can feel who is at liberty! Why had I not died years ago, rather than to be left here with none to care for me, and none to love me? Would that I were buried beside my mother in the grave, and covered over

with the cold sods of earth, for how much better would it be than to live, if I am freed at last, suspected and shunned by all around me! How shall I go into the world again, although innocent as I am, will the world believe it? I shall be pronounced guilty, and be ashamed to look the people in the face as I pass them on the street, for wherever I may go, this deed which I have not done, but for which I am pronounced guilty, will meet me, and I shall be pointed at with the finger of scorn. Oh, how often I prayed that God would take me from the world!

In this manner I passed three long weeks. One morning I was taken from the prison, and in company with twenty-one others, carried to Pomfret, all of us chained together as criminals. I was the smallest of the company. We were carried in a horse-car, huddled together like cattle, and when we arrived at Pomfret, we were put into a large cell, or room under ground, and straw thrown down for us to sleep upon. The next morning they commenced to take out the prisoners, to be tried for the crimes declared against them, each one in his order. Every one that went out before me was sentenced from four to twenty-one years to Van Dieman's Land. What a dreadful scene it

was to witness the agony of the poor fellows, and some of them, I have no doubt, were as innocent of the crimes charged upon them as I was! A blacksmith welded an iron ring around the ankle of those that were to be transported, as soon as they came back. As I saw the poor fellows return, I thought that my time would come soon, and I expected to get transported with the rest. I remained in this miserable hole three days before my turn came, and then I was called out. I was handcuffed and taken to the court-house, — my handcuffs taken off, my crime read against me for committing highway robbery at such a time and place, and after this was read to me, I was asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" I did not know the meaning of guilty, and while I stood looking at the people around, a gentleman told me to say, "Not Guilty," which I did; but if he had told me to say "Guilty," I should have said it as quickly. I was then asked if I had any counselor, or any friends to speak for me. A very righteous inquiry,—confined three weeks in jail, and seeing no one in all that time to speak to, but the man who brought me my food. I was asked if I had anything to say for myself. I told them that I did not do the deed that was charged against me,

—that I was going to my work when I saw the muff blow across the road, and that I picked it up and carried it to the tavern, and there I sold it for fifty cents to a man in the bar-room, as I was ignorant of its value—that I had no friends, neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, grandmother nor grandfather, and that I was alone in the world. This I told with tears in my eyes, which created much feeling for me. Witnesses were called, but the gentleman did not appear against me to sustain the charge, and I have no doubt but that he felt ashamed of the part he had taken in the matter, and therefore dropped it where it was. I never believed that they had a muff stolen from them, but to raise an excitement, he advertised the muff in the manner he did, having no idea that it would be carried so far. As no one appeared against me, I was taken to the room underground, and kept there that day, but as no one appeared, I was liberated the next morning.

How happy I felt when I got into the world again! I went into a large public square, and there I told a man that I had just got out of prison, and had no money, nor friends to apply to for help, and that I was some thirty-six miles from the place where I worked. He told me to go back to

the court-house, and tell them my condition. I went back as he told me, and stated my case, and was given eighteen pence, or one halfpenny a mile, to carry me back to my employers. The first thing I did after I received the money was to go into a shop where they sold pies and cakes, and get something to eat; I spent about one-half my money—filled my pockets and hands full of cakes, and started on my journey. It was a beautiful morning, and the road was a fine one, and for some distance trees were upon both sides, which completely shaded it. Before I had gone two miles, I had eaten all my cakes, but I soon came to a small village, and I here invested the balance of my money in eatables, and these I ate up before I had gone much farther. Feeling tired, I sat down beside the road until I saw a man coming in a wagon, and as he came opposite, I asked him if he would let me ride a short distance with him: he gave his consent, and stopped his horse, and I clambered into the back part of the wagon.

CHAPTER VIII.

I JOGGED along with this man about seven miles, and rested me some, though I could have walked the same distance in about the same time, when, having arrived at his home, I thanked him, and got out of the wagon, and continued on my journey. It was getting towards noon, and I began to feel hungry. I had no money nor friends to apply to, and I therefore came to the conclusion to beg. I saw a small neat looking house but a short distance before me, and thought I would try and get something to eat; so opening the gate, I went up to the house, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a pleasant looking woman, and I asked her if she would give me something to eat.

"Where you from, my boy?" she asked.

What should I do? I hesitated before speaking, but at length I told her that I had just got out of prison, where I had been wrongfully kept by a false

charge made against me,—thinking it was best to tell the truth.

"Come in," she said; "you shall have enough to eat. I am glad you told me the whole story, and I believe it, because a boy would not be likely to tell anything like that, unless it was true, and I believe you are innocent."

She carried me into a room, and setting a chair beside a table, told me to seat myself there, while she went to get me something to eat. I sat down in the chair, and she soon returned with a bountiful supply of provisions, and set them before me. After I had eaten my fill, I thanked her for her kindness, and was going out of the door, when she said these words: "Always tell the truth, under whatever circumstances you may be placed, my lad; and remember that God can always bring you safely out, no matter how dark and discouraging it may look."

I was somewhat astonished at these words! She probably had divined my thoughts, while I was hesitating what to say, when I stood upon the doorstep. This was a lesson that I did not soon forget, and it made a good and lasting impression upon me. I hurried on my way, strengthened and encouraged by the pleasant words, as well as the food that the woman had been kind enough to give me.

I passed some small villages on my way, and towards night I came to quite a large place, and as I was tired, I thought I had better try and get some place to stop all night. I went up to a house and asked a man there if he would put me up that night, but I was repulsed; he said he did not want strange boys in his house, as he did not know who they were,—they might set his house on fire in the night. I asked him if he would let me stop in his barn.

"No, I will not let any one sleep there; I would not risk my stock, hay, and carriages; why, I might have them all burned up!"

I turned away from his door, and left him, to try and find some person more hospitable. I looked around to see where I should go, and noticed a fine house that sat in back from the street, and I thought to myself, I will go in and see what I can do; I therefore opened the gate to enter, when I heard a gruff voice from the grounds, in front of the house, which arrested my progress. "We do not allow strange boys to come in here, so you may go out."

I found that I had got into the wrong place, and hurried out. On the opposite side of the road, was rather a poor looking house; I will try here, I

thought, and see if I can make out any better; and entering the gate, I went up to the house, and rapped at the door. A little girl came, and kindly asked me to come in. I told her that I was hungry, and asked her if she would give me something to eat, and let me stop there that night. She asked me to come into the house, and she would speak to her mother, who was at work in the garden. I went in and sat down, while the girl went out to call her mother, who soon came in; and while she stopped to wash in the entry, I heard her remark, "Poor boy! he looks hungry and tired! Come, my daughter, set something on the table for him, and always remember to 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.'" Those words, how often I had heard them said before,—strange, I thought, this woman should repeat them. The girl hastily complied with her mother's request, and placed before me good healthy food, to which I did ample justice.

After eating, I asked the woman if she would let me stay all night in the house, telling her that I would sleep on the floor.

"I will let you stay," she said, "but you may sleep on a bed."

"But, madam, I am a stranger to you, and I have been turned away from two places; and in

one place, I asked the man to let me sleep in his barn, but he would not."

"I know how to pity the unfortunate, and I always remember in mercy those that have no shelter at night—no pillow to lay their heads upon. My husband," she continued, "is a soldier, and I am a soldier's wife; and no one that seeks shelter of me shall be turned from the door as long as I have a shelter to cover me."

"God bless you, madam," I ejaculated, before I was aware of it.

"But I suppose that you are tired, and if you will follow me, I will show you where you can sleep;" and leading the way into the attic, she pointed me to a neat bed, and bidding me good night, left me. I slept sweetly that night, and when I awoke, the sun was just rising. I arose and dressed myself, and went down stairs, and found the good woman was up, and that the little girl was setting the table. I noticed three plates on the table, and I could not help wondering who the third plate was for, as I saw but two persons in the house; but I took my cap, and telling the woman that I would hurry along, I thanked her, and was going out of the door, when she called me back, and said,

"You must have some breakfast; what we have, you are entirely welcome to."

I took off my cap and sat down to the table, and ate my breakfast with them. I then knew for whom the third plate was put on the table — it was for me. I finished my breakfast, and thanking the woman for her kindness, I took my leave, and continued my journey. I had some fourteen miles to travel to reach Bradford, and I thought I would try and go that distance without asking for anything to eat on the way; but when I had gone half the distance, I felt faint and tired, and I sat down beside the road to recover myself. I rested about half an hour, and then resumed my journey, but I felt hungry. I had been kept so poorly while I was confined in the jail, that I could now hardly restrain my appetite. I found that I must beg something to eat, and as the nearest house was a large brick one, I felt rather backward about asking for anything there, but my appetite was clamoring loudly, and I hastened up to the house, and rang a bell; the door was opened by a portly gentleman.

"Will you give me something to eat?" I said timidly. He stared at me for some time, and then remarked,

"We do not encourage beggars here," and shut the door in my face.

I could not do anything better than leave, which I quickly did. I might have known better than to call there, I said to myself, it is not the large houses where the people have large hearts, but the small ones. So intent was I with my thoughts, that I did not see a boy at my side, until he said, "I overheard the talk you had with that man; come with me to my mother's, and you shall have as much as you want." Taking me by the hand, he fairly ran with me along the street, until he came to a small, neat looking house, with a yard in front, filled with flowers. "Here is where my mother lives," he said.

"Have you no father?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "my father has been dead a number of years. I have a sister and a kind mother."

We had now reached the house, and opening the door, he pulled me in where his mother was sewing.

"Mother," he said, running up to her, while I stood by the door, "here is a poor boy that wants something to eat."

"Well, my son," she said, "he shall have something;" and then addressing me, said, "Come and sit up by the table, and I will give you some food."

I sat down to the table, and eagerly ate what she

sat before me, as I was very hungry. I answered the many questions she asked, and having finished, arose and expressed my thanks to her for her kindness, and went on my way

I was but a short distance from Bradford, as the woman had told me; I therefore hurried on as fast as I could, and soon arrived there. I felt somewhat afraid to go to my old employer, and therefore went to a woman that I knew, who kindly gave me something to eat, and I stopped there that night. I arose early, and went to another mill, and got work. I had worked here but a short time, before my old employer came for me, and I went to work with him again.

A short time after, there was a riot, occasioned by reducing the wages of the help employed in the mills. Some of the men plugged the boilers, letting the steam off, so that the mills stopped. A great crowd collected near the counting-house, and began to throw brickbats through the windows. The 17th company of Lancers was called out, and a man standing near me threw a brick-bat which struck one of the horse soldiers, who immediately wheeled his horse, and dashed out of the ranks, and chased the man into the river, over which he swam, and saved his life.

The crowd not dispersing, the riot act was read, and they were then commanded to disperse immediately; but not obeying, the Lancers made an attack, riding down many; and the people finding that they would be killed, unless they dispersed, went to their homes. I was with William Ackroid at that time, and we went to our boarding house. He worked in the same mill that I did, and we were in the habit of going down into the firing-room, where the boilers were, and talking with the men. One day I went into the room that Ackroid worked in, and asked him to go with me down into the firing-room. He said that he would go presently, and I waited a short time for him, when we both went down together. There were two boilers in this room, but only one was in use, as the other was undergoing repairs, and one boiler drove the whole mill. As we were going into the firing-room, the fireman spoke to some men that were in there, and said that he was afraid that the boiler would burst, and advised them to come out, but they only laughed at him. The words had hardly escaped his lips, before the boiler did burst. Ackroid and myself, upon hearing the words that the fireman uttered, had stopped outside the firing-room. There were in the room three men and a boy, besides two masons who were repairing the furnace. One

of the men escaped by a trap-door, the others, inhaling the hot steam, immediately ran out into the street, and dropped down, and were then taken by some men and carried to the Infirmary. The two masons that were repairing the furnace had to walk through water boiling hot, that was a foot in depth, to get out of the room. These two men were carried, also, to the Infirmary. I was in the room when they brought them in, and truly it was a sad scene. They could live but a short time, and two of them were young men in the prime of life. One was about to be married, and his betrothed fainted when she came into the room. The friends of the others were gathered around them, to take a final leave. I have witnessed many sad and solemn scenes, but none is impressed so indelibly upon my mind as this one. How merciful was God to me, and how had he spared my life, while others perished around me! Why was I spared through all these accidents?

CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning after the sad accident, by which five lives were lost, I said to Ackroid, my companion, "Let us go and enlist in the army, and be soldiers." He said that he would, and we set the time, that we would start the next morning; but he was afraid that I would tell his parents, and he therefore ran away before the time, and enlisted in the 16th company of Lancers. He soon after came and told me what he had done, and upon hearing it, I started for the rendezvous, and enlisted in the 61st Regiment, while Ackroid had enlisted in the 16th Lancers. As soon as I had enlisted, I informed him of the fact, and that we should go together, not knowing the difference. The next morning I went to one place, while he went to another, and I had enlisted for twenty-one years. I had to go to Leeds to pass through the surgeon's hands, to see if I was in any way physically dis-

qualified from serving. I passed through the surgeon's hands, but when measured, I fell short three-fourths of an inch of the required height. Thus my fond hope of being a soldier was cut short. I went to Stanly, about four miles from Leeds ; I was without money, and went to see if I could find some of my grandfather's relations, to assist me in getting to Bradford. I found some friends there, who kindly gave me some money, by which I was enabled to get to Bradford again.

I had given up all hopes of ever seeing Ackroid again, and felt extremely sorry, as we had been boon companions for some time. When I arrived at Bradford, I went and told his mother that her son had enlisted in the army, and upon hearing it, she fainted away, but throwing some water in her face, she recovered.

The next day, while walking the street, I saw Ackroid across the way, and hastening over, shook him by the hand, and asked him why he was not with the army. He replied that he was rejected by the surgeon. I felt glad that he was, and we both went to work in the mill again, weaving.

One evening, there was a celebration of some kind, and fire-works on the common. Besides Ackroid and myself, there were two more young men with us, named Charles Green and Joseph Riggs,

and we all agreed that night, that we would run away the next morning, and we set a time and place to meet, and when we separated, we pledged ourselves that we would be there. The next morning we were all there, faithful to our promises, and started for Liverpool, about seventy-two miles distant. I had some clothes at my uncle William's, whose house was on the road that we were to travel, and when I arrived there, I told my companions to wait for me, while I went in and got my clothes. I went into the house, the folks were all gone away, excepting one of my cousins, and I told her that I wanted to get my clothes, and went up stairs, and put them on over my other clothes, and then came down. My cousin asked me as I came down, if I was going to Halifax. I told her I was not, but was going away, and that perhaps she might never see me again. The tears filled her eyes, and I turned and hurried from the house, ashamed to let her see the tears that were trickling down my face, and joined my companions, who were waiting for me. We then continued our way to Liverpool. We had gone about eight miles from Bradford, when we began to feel hungry, and as none of us had any money, I pawned a cap, (as I had two with me,) for half a crown, and with this money I bought some bread for us to eat. We then con-

tinued our way, and about night we arrived at Rochester, and being tired, we tried to get some place to sleep in. We managed to get a bed that we all four had to occupy, which was rather snug quarters. We were awakened in the morning by hearing the wooden clogs, worn by the girls, clattering upon the sidewalk, as they went into the mill. We arose, and went down stairs, and having paid for our lodgings, which took all my money, we started on our way again. We traveled five or six miles, and then began to feel hungry again. I went up to a house, and asked the woman if she would give me something to eat, but she told me to go home and get something to eat, if I wanted anything. I then asked her for a drink of water, which she gave me, and we all drank, and started on our way, and soon arrived at Manchester. We passed through a few streets in the city, when we came to a broker's office; I there pawned a vest and handkerchief, and with the money we satisfied the pangs of hunger, which had troubled us exceedingly the last four miles we came. The money lasted us until we arrived at Liverpool, and when we arrived there, we went down to the dock, and hired out aboard a man-of-war, for seven years. We then started to go up to see the city. Passing through one of the streets,

we were invited into a recruiting rendezvous, where we were treated by the sergeant to beer; he then measured us, as he said, in sport, to see how tall we were; one of us, he said, could'nt get into the army. He then gave three of us that were tall enough, beer sufficient to get us somewhat intoxicated, and then conducted us to a bed up stairs. The next morning we were somewhat surprised to find ourselves in the place we did. We arose and went down stairs, and met the recruiting sergeant, who told us that we had enlisted in the army. We told him that we had not. He then spoke to the keeper of the house, and asked him if he did not see us take the enlistment money. (When a person enlists, he is paid one shilling, and when sworn, a half crown more.)

"Yes," said the keeper, "I saw them take the money and put it in their pockets. Come, young men," he continued, "just feel in your pockets, and I guess that you all can produce the shilling."

Feeling confident that the money was not in our pockets, we each one unhesitatingly put our hands in, and as a matter of course, produced a shilling piece. "There," said the sergeant, "what's the use of trying to lie out of it? You must go with me to the magistrate, and be sworn." We were somewhat surprised to find the shilling pieces in

our pockets, but I came to the conclusion that they were put there while we were intoxicated. To get out of the scrape we should have to pay twenty-one shillings, which is called "smart money." We were in for it now, and as I thought of the mean tricks that were practiced, of which this played upon us was a specimen, to get young men into the army, my opinion of it diminished exceedingly, but not so much as it has since. Seven years in the English army were long enough to convince me that the officers, many of them, were never soldiers or privates, but purchased their commission by paying a certain sum of money, and were therefore more tyrannical, and their discipline and the mean living that the young recruits had, would not be very strong inducements for young men to enlist, and if some way was not adopted to get them, it would soon be a weak army.

We went before a magistrate and were sworn, and then received half a crown apiece. We were now fully launched out into life, and thought that we should soon be on our way to the field of glory and fame, to reap honor and win laurels that none but a soldier can win. So we thought at that time, but we found afterwards that winning laurels and wearing them were two different things—the sol-

diers win laurels, and the officers wear them. We were taken from Liverpool to London, and were then billeted out. Ackroid and myself were sent together about two miles to an inn. We arrived there, but the keeper having no room for us, gave us half a crown to pay our lodgings at some other place. Being unacquainted with the city, we did not find any place, and we therefore started for the recruiting sergeant's quarters, and as Ackroid and myself could not agree as to which streets to take to carry us back, he took one way, and I another. I was more lucky than Ackroid, and arrived at the sergeant's quarters, and stopped that night. The next morning Ackroid was missing, and the sergeant directed the police to look him up, but they were not successful. We were detained by this two days. The second day in the forenoon I went down into a square where the Queen's Guards were parading. There were thousands witnessing the scene, and I saw in the distance Ackroid. I knew him in a moment by his white head, and made my way through the crowd, and hurried to the place where he was. He was glad to see me; the old difficulty that separated us was forgotten, and we went to the sergeant's quarters. We might have run away easily, but the sergeant had told us that we should go together, and praised us up exceed-

ingly, by telling us we were cut out for soldiers. He took us with the other recruits, aboard the cars, and went to Portsmouth. Here we stopped one night, and were placed in the guard-room, and sentries placed over us. We slept on boards for a bed. The next morning we continued our journey, and took the steamboat for the Isle of Wight, and arriving there, we traveled four miles to our barracks. Here we thought we could take our ease, and live like gentlemen, but how soon we found our mistake; instead of ease and comfort, we found it a life of bondage, and to drown our sorrows, we had recourse to the wine cup. The first night in the barracks, we spent in the "dry-room," where they put prisoners. Some straw was put upon an iron bedstead, upon which I slept. I well remember that night, for I rolled out of my cot, (it was only two feet wide,) upon the floor, which made the rats, which infested the place, scamper to their holes. The next morning, the barber came and shaved our heads closely. I told him that the recruiting sergeant said that we might wear our hair long, but the barber told us he had his duty to perform, and that we might as well keep still. After this was done, we were passed over to the surgeon's hands, and then we went back to our barracks, and put on our regimental clothes. My

old clothes I sold for two quarts of beer, and my companion did the same with his. The first thing we had to learn, was our drill. Before breakfast, we had to drill one hour, then again from eleven to twelve, and from three to four o'clock in the afternoon; making three hours a day, and the remainder, we almost always had work of some kind to do. The soldiers had two meals a day; the first at seven and one-half o'clock in the morning, and the other at twelve, M. Our morning rations consisted of one pound of brown bread, and a bowl of coffee; this brown bread was sometimes so soft, that when thrown against the wall, it would stick there. At dinner, we had a pound of meat, and two-and-half-pence a day allowed each man, to buy sugar, tea, &c. In the barracks where I was quartered, there were in each room, seventeen, where they lived, slept, ate, and worked. When dinner was served up, there used to be two officers, who would serve out the rations, consisting of meat soup, to each soldier. I could not say that they showed partiality, but it looked much like it. They would proportionate the meat soup out, and then one would stand with his face to the wall, while the other officer would hold up a plate, and ask, "Who is this for?" The officer whose face was towards the wall, would say, for such a one; and in this

way, they would pass through the whole. I was the youngest in the room, and somehow or other, if there was a large bone without much meat upon it, I was sure to get it. I stood this as long as I could, and at last I told the color * sergeant how I fared, and he changed me into another room, but here I did not fare much better.

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* So designated because he wore the colors of England.

CHAPTER X.

Ackroid and myself used to drill together, and we would often meet and talk of home, and wish that we were out of the service, as we had seen enough of it. One day there was a young man confined for losing some of his clothes, or disposing of them. This man was put into the guard-room, and tried by a regimental court-martial, and sentenced to receive three hundred lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, a whip with nine lashes. At the close of the court-martial, the orderly bugler was called, and sounded for orders,—that is, for each orderly sergeant, of each company belonging to the troops that were lying in garrison, to go to the orderly room and take orders. The sergeant goes and sits down in the orderly room, and takes down the orders as the sergeant-major gives them off. The orders that day were that on the next day there should be a parade of all those who were off

duty and out of hospital, and a court-martial read on parade. The next day at ten o'clock the bugle sounded for the soldiers to dress; and in half an hour, the bugle sounded for them to fall into rank and file. After we had formed our lines for marching, the word was given, "Quick march." We were then marched into the "riding school," as they call it, where the flogging was done. Here the young recruits were marched up alongside where the person was to be flogged, that they might by this became hardened, and kept in fear. I remember that Ackroid at this time was beside me. In this riding school, where they did the flogging, the minister held up a crucified Savior, and the culprit was tied to the pulpit in which he stood. Many have I seen sacrificed upon the altar, but it was not acceptable sacrifice. The buglers of each company, and the drum-major of the depot of soldiers, are stationed beside the victim. The drummers do the flogging; a number being selected out, and they each one give twenty-five lashes, and if there are not drummers enough to make out the three hundred, the first one gives twenty-five more, and so goes round again, until the full complement is given. The drummer, rolling up his sleeve, grasps the "cat" firmly in his hand, and raising it

slowly over his head, brings it down with his whole strength upon the bare back of the poor victim, making the blood fly, and counting every blow given, until he has given twenty-five, and then resigns the whip to his successor. Every person unacquainted would naturally suppose, that when a person is whipped, and the one who inflicts the blows has no enmity against the prisoner, that they would be light, but it is the contrary; each one takes pride in striking a heavy and severe blow, and the one that can strike the hardest is considered the best fellow. Thus the prisoner always gets a dreadful whipping.

When the prisoner had received his three hundred lashes, a white cloth, saturated with salt and water, was then thrown over his back, and thus *pickled*, he was sent to the hospital, where he stayed until his back was well. Sometimes when a soldier is whipped, he has a lead bullet put into his mouth, to chew, that he may be kept from biting his tongue, and I have seen it taken out after they were whipped, ground in pieces. In my regiment, there was a full corporal, a man that was despised by all the soldiers that were under him. He would confine the soldiers when they had been drinking, and endeavor to get them court-martialed, that they might receive a whipping. The soldiers were

determined, in some way or other, to get this man whipped.

One day this corporal, with some soldiers, went to Newport to a tavern, and there the soldiers and the corporal drank; the corporal got intoxicated, and the soldiers left him at a house of bad repute, where he stopped three days. The officers, supposing he had deserted, sent out detachments of soldiers, and scoured the country around, to endeavor to find him. The third day he was found at the house referred to, and some of his clothing was gone. He was brought before a garrison court martial, and was there sentenced to receive three hundred lashes. This pleased the soldiers exceedingly. It used to be a famous expression with him, when a soldier was whipped, and he cried out, or even groaned, "That he was a coward,—a baby." One of the drummers, who was to wield the "cat," belonging to the regiment of which the prisoner was corporal, was six feet two inches in height, a very robust and powerfully built man, and said in my hearing, the morning of the punishment, "I will make him cry out, or my arm shall come off;" and as he said the words, he stretched forth his muscular arm, and no one doubted but what he would be as good as his word. I was on sentry at the time of the flogging, and every blow struck, caused the

flesh and blood to fly about me. The flesh was whipped off from one of his shoulder blades, so that the bone was bare. But I will not dwell upon the disgraceful scene, which was too degrading for human beings to be engaged in. Thank God! the whipping in the army has been abolished! The poor victim was taken to the hospital, and remained about one month before he was able to be upon duty again; his badges were taken off, and he was made a private. This, in itself, is considered a great disgrace to an officer. There was flogging about once in three weeks; sometimes oftener. I came near getting three hundred lashes, soon after I came into the army. One night I was upon sentry; my sentry box was number six, and near by was an apple orchard, the trees being loaded with fruit. I left my station, and went to the orchard and filled my hat with apples. I made as much haste as possible, that I might get back to my box, before the half hour call came round again. I was returning when I heard the cry from number one, "All's well!" and thus it continued through the numbers, until it came to number six, my station, and no cry was heard. I had not reached my sentry-box, and the sentry in station seven cried out "All's not well!" And thus it went through all the numbers. Number one cried out,

"All's not well!" which brought out the sergeant with a file of soldiers, and they immediately went to number twelve. The sentry there said, "All's not well!" number eleven; and thus it was followed back, until they came to number seven, and there the sentry told the sergeant that no cry was heard from number six. In the meanwhile, I had got back to my box, leaving my apples outside; and the sergeant asked me why I did not cry out "All's well!" I knew that I must tell the best story for myself that I could, and I told him that I was thinking of home, and forgot to give the signal. The sergeant was friendly to me, and gave me some advice in regard to the matter, and told me that if some other sergeant had been in the guard-room at the time, I should not have escaped a flogging. He then left me, and I never heard of the matter again, but felt under great obligations to him, for pardoning me at that time for such neglect of duty.

One night I was on sentry at the hospital, when a man named Stinson was carried by me, on a table, by four men, to the hospital. He was a man of fine education and of superior abilities, and had left his regiment in Egypt, on account of his health, and come to the Isle of Wight. He was a great

drunkard, and a wicked and profane man, and he always boasted, as he was an infidel, that when he died, he would go out of the world like a roaring bull. When he was carried by me, he was roaring like a bull; he was in a state of delirium tremens, for three days and nights, and made this noise continually. The fourth night after he was carried to the hospital, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, he was carried to the dead-house,—two men carried him on a sheet. His hair was torn from his head, and he was so mangled that he could not be recognized. I was put the next night, sentry over the dead-house, and my orders were, to kick on the door of the dead-house every ten minutes, to keep the rats away from the dead that were in there. I did not like the situation. I seemed to see Stinson before me all the time, and made an exchange with another soldier, and took his place, and he took mine.

I remained at the Isle of Wight about nine months, when an order was received from the Horse Guards, for a draft of the 97th Regiment, and the Rifle Brigade, to fill vacancies at Corfu, and I felt joyful to leave this place. Our accoutrements were examined, and we were given firelocks said to be ours, with locks off, and many of them with the breech broken, and we were charged so much for re-

pairs, and then good ones were given us, and the old ones kept, probably to pass off on the next draft that was made. In a few days we were in readiness to go to Corfu; the bugle sounded for us to fall into rank and file. There were one hundred in the whole, and we were ordered to march forthwith to Dedford. We were marched down the barracks, while the band played "The girl I left behind me;" and many of the soldiers having married without the consent of the commanding officer, were obliged to leave their wives and children behind them. All around me, the soldiers were shaking hands, and kissing their wives, and bidding them adieu, probably for the last time. There was no one to bid me farewell, or to shake the friendly hand; no one to shed a parting tear for me; and as I looked upon the scene, I thought, oh! that I had a friend to bid farewell, it would seem to relieve me; for my heart was full, as I saw the tears trickle down the sun-burnt cheeks of the rough soldiers, and the mothers holding up their young babes that they might kiss them before they left.

But there is an end to parting. The word was given, "Quick march," and we hastened on. We had to march four miles to Cowes, where we were to take the steamboat, and as I never marched with a knapsack on, before, I thought that I should sink

beneath my heavy burden. We took the steamboat for Portsmouth, and then the cars for London. From London we marched to Dedford, and there we were billeted out for the night. I and another young man were billeted together. We were sent by twos and threes, and I wished to be sent with Ackroid, but they sent us as was most convenient to them. In the morning, we had to meet in the dock-yard; the bugler sounded for us to fall in. Having just formed our lines for marching, the police came up to Ackroid and a young soldier that was billeted with him, and commenced to search them. There had been a robbery committed in the house where they stopped; a gold watch and some other articles were stolen. Ackroid was first searched, and none of the articles were found about him. The young man that stopped with him was then searched, and the gold watch dropped from the skirt of his coat upon the pavement, breaking it in pieces. He was taken forthwith to prison, and afterwards transported for seven years.

We went aboard the ship, and went below, and took off our knapsacks, and then had to go to work upon deck. We were three days and nights going down the channel, and the third day we arrived at Cove-of-Cork. There we stopped three days, and took in the 34th Regiment, and then sailed for the

Mediterranean. While we were on our way, there was a young man, a soldier, that picked up a "chin-strap," (a strap that goes under the chin to keep on the military cap.) This young man inquired for the owner, but not finding him, he used the strap for himself. The owner in a short time noticed it, and knowing that it was his, made a complaint to the commanding officer, and the young man was made a prisoner, tried for stealing before a regimental court martial, was found guilty, sentenced to be tied to the main-mast, and there receive fifty lashes. This young soldier slept in the hammock beneath me, and when they took him to be flogged, he plead his innocence, but was carried upon the deck, and received his number of lashes. He received a severe flogging; the flesh was left in ridges, and the blood ran down upon the deck. After his flogging he was covered over with a white cloth, soaked in salt and water, and then put in his hammock. He was said to have been a fine young man, and one that would have made himself conspicuous, but the whipping that he received, crushed his spirits. He had been full of life and activity, but from that time he was sullen and morose, and would not hold conversation with any one. One day we were sailing along, about thir-

teen knots an hour; the breeze increasing, the studding-sail tore out of the bolt-ropes, and a number of us were called upon deck, and told to go aloft, and assist in taking in sail; and as the soldiers were inexperienced, one of our number fell overboard, and was lost. The gale increased, and at night it was my watch on deck. It blew now almost a hurricane, all sail was taken in, and we were scudding along under bare poles. I went by one of the port-holes, and laid down, and while there, a wave dashed over the side, unshipping the gun, and I was carried along by the wave, but caught the halliards, and thus saved myself from being swept over the ship's side. The crew were called up, and the soldiers spiked down beneath the deck. At times, the waves made a complete breach over her, and she leaned so that her spars at times touched the water. At the dawn of day, the gale abated somewhat, and we found that a number had been washed overboard. I looked around for Ackroid, but could not find him above or below deck, and thought that he must have been washed overboard. As he had been very sea-sick, I expected that he was gone, and that I never should see him again. While searching, I thought of a place under the long-boat, where a man could just get in, and going there, found Ackroid. He

was wet through, and had laid his head down upon some tar, which held him fast. Before he could be removed, I found it necessary to get a knife, and cut away a portion of his hair; and having procured some water, I washed him, and he revived. I then went up where the hogs were kept, and stole their breakfast,—black biscuit; and I believe I never felt so cheap as I did when I stole them away from the hogs; but I felt that the necessity of the case demanded it, and asserting "border rights," I boldly entered the pen, (the very last place where I should have thought of ever picking up a living,) and by dextrous management, succeeded in obtaining something to satisfy the cravings of my appetite. Those biscuits tasted quite as sweet to me as the nicest bread I have ever eaten since.

CHAPTER XI.

We reached Gibraltar, and there we took in some water, and continued our way for Corfu. We had sailed some two days, when we had a dead calm that lasted three days. We forgot about the gale we had experienced, and the fiddle and the flute sounded merrily upon the deck, whilst the sailors and the soldiers danced to the music; and for three days nothing but songs and merriment were heard. The soldiers were allowed a glass of rum a day, but as Ackroid was sick, I took his share, thereby getting two glasses a day, and I then had more than my allowance of rum, and have for many years since. The fourth day, a fine breeze soon carried us to the shores of Italy, where I could plainly see the burning lava upon the sides of Mt. Vesuvius, that cast a beautiful mellow light, in the evening, upon the hills around. After a somewhat long voyage, we dropped anchor in Corfu, and went ashore. The 34th Regiment went to "Bell

Barracks," and those of us that belonged to the Rifle Brigade, and the 97th Regiment, went to the citadel or fortress. Our draft was put in the marine guard-room, and then the soldiers hurried down to see us, hoping to find some one they knew. I saw one young man that came from the same place that Ackroid and I did, and we were very glad to meet one another, so many miles from home. This young man went immediately and got a quart of wine and some refreshments to treat us with, and we felt so happy with the rest of the soldiers, and made so much noise, that one of the officers told the captain, and he came and spoke to us, and said these words: "Young men, you have got into a place where there are no back doors, through which you can run home to your mothers."

The next day we were ordered to wash and dress ourselves, and were then paraded before the commanding officer. Our place of parade was on the esplanade, and when we arrived there, the officers were waiting to take us to the different companies, there being sixteen in the whole. I was picked out for the Light Infantry, and Ackroid was chosen for the second company, and thus we were about to be separated. The thought of this began to make me feel bad, and I could not restrain myself, and the tears began to flow down my face. One of the

adjutants seeing that I was crying, said, "What are you weeping for?" I told him that the young man with a white head had always been with me, and that we had enlisted together, and that as we were about to be separated, it made me sad. He went immediately to the commanding officer, and got Ackroid into the company with me. We had then our arms and accoutrements served out to us. The first thing we now had to do, was to learn our drill, which was somewhat different from that we had learned at the Isle of Wight. Some of the soldiers were sent to the reserve battalion, Ionian islands, and the others were in the first battalion. There was a poor simple fellow that came with us, who could not learn his drill, and he was sent to the reserve battalion, and there they could not make anything of him. The doctor said that he was making it, and that he could bring him out, so he was sent to the hospital, under the care of the doctor. The doctor one day heated an iron poker, and with this, he burned the young man so badly that he died. This same doctor, a short time after, died a very sudden death, which pleased all the soldiers, and he was brought to Corfu to be buried. A volley was fired over his grave, and I thought at the time that I would much rather have fired a bullet at him, than a blank cartridge over

him. We soon had to mount guard, and the first time I was on, the heat of the sun so overpowered me, that I fell down senseless, and was taken up and carried to the hospital. I recovered soon, and came out of the hospital, although hardly able to stand. I was next put on guard upon Mt. Tabor, over the Greek prisoners. My watch was two hours, and no place that I was ever on sentry was so desolate and solemn as that. I could hear the rattling of the chains of the prisoners; also the wild boars on the sides of the mountain. During the night, the corporal brought a pail full of wine, which was drank by the soldiers on duty. I was sentry over the old senate, so called, and there was one prisoner in there, that had been confined *thirty years* in one cell, and had not seen the light, only through the gratings of the window; he seemed to be happy, for I heard him singing Greek songs. In the next cell, there was a young man confined, and when I was on sentry, two young Greek girls came to see this prisoner. They entreated me to let them carry some luxuries to him, and I could not withstand their earnest pleading, but let them go into the cell. If I had been caught in this act, I should have been confined, and probably got severely punished.

The sergeant, one evening, went out of town, and got some wine, and while he was away, some of the other officers brought wine to the soldiers, and before he returned, the guard were intoxicated, and the next day, when we were relieved, one of the guardsmen was confined for getting drunk, and the following day, received three hundred lashes. There were sixteen flogged that day for getting drunk, when upon garrison duty. When I saw those poor fellows flogged, I thought to myself, that I never would get drunk when on duty. In a few days after, I was warned for garrison picket, and a corporal asked me to go out of town with him. We went to a wine shop, and there drank some two quarts of wine, and became partially intoxicated, and when I arrived at the barracks, was confined for getting drunk. I had been in the guard-room a short time, when one of the men said that I should get a flogging, and this sobered me in a minute, and I spoke to the sergeant of the guard, and told him I was not drunk. "But," said he, "you are confined for getting drunk." All the soldiers said I was not drunk. That night I did not sleep much, expecting that the next day I should be more intimately acquainted with the cat-o-nine-tails. The following day, I was carried before the commander, and he told me that I was reported as

having been drunk, when on duty. I told the sergeant that I was not drunk, and that I could prove it by the soldiers. "But," said he, "the sergeant said that you was drunk. Young man," he continued, "you are commencing too soon to lead a bad life, but I think we will punish you." I begged that he would not, as I had always tried to obey the discipline. The commander said, "As you are a youngster, I will forgive you this time, but never be brought before me again; if you do, you will have to suffer the penalty for transgressing the rules." I escaped the "cat" again, and I made up my mind that I never would run the risk of a whipping, by getting intoxicated when upon duty.

There was a rich Jew that kept a shop in the fortress, where he sold wines and other things to the soldiers. He was as snug and as exacting a person as could be met with. He used to sell what they called "black puddings," to the soldiers, who said that they were made out of rats; but the soldiers, when they went in there, would get liquor to drink, and then they would eat anything. The soldiers used to say, that if a person would rob him, it would be a good deed. One night, as I was on sentry, I thought to myself, I will rob that Jew, and as he has stolen money away from the soldiers,

when they were drunk, it will be no worse for me to steal from him; and with this thought, I put my gun down, and went to his door, and tried to open it, but it was fast. I then put my shoulder against it, and pushed it open, and went in, and opened the money drawer. I put my hand in, and found some farthings; and in another drawer, I found a sovereign piece, and some small silver pieces, but I left the small pieces, as the sovereign was enough for me, and went out and shut the door. I went away a short distance, and buried the sovereign piece in the ground. I then went back to my post, and had just arrived there, when a sentry came to relieve me. When I arrived at the guard-room, I laid down upon the bed, but felt somewhat uneasy about the deed, as I remembered what the orders were; and if a soldier when on duty, left his post, to go away for plunder, that the penalty was a severe one. The next day, when the Jew came to his shop, he found it had been broken open and robbed, and he went and told the sergeant. The sergeant said that he could not believe it; but the Jew took him along with him to his shop, and showed that it had been broken open. The sergeant went to the soldiers that had been on sentry near there that night, and questioned them in re-

gard to the affair. We all said we knew nothing about it. That night, I went, after I was off duty, down to the place where I buried my sovereign, and taking it to the money changers, got it changed into shilling pieces. I then went and found Ackroid, and we went out to the shops, and spent half a crown for wine and eatables. I left Ackroid, and went down to where the old batteries were, a short distance, and hid my money in an old rotten timber there, and then went back to barracks. The next day, I went to the old battery, to get some money, but was somewhat surprised to find that it was all gone. Where it had gone, was more than I could imagine; and I was pretty confident that no one followed me to the place; but one thing was certain, my money was gone, and I felt then that the proverb, that "riches certainly make themselves wings," was a pretty true one. I came to the conclusion, as I went back to the barracks, never again to take anything that did not belong to me. They never knew, I believe, who committed the robbery, and they did not exert themselves much to find out. The soldiers were glad of it, and the officers were not sorry. Perhaps one reason why the officers did not endeavor to find out who committed the deed, was, that they did not believe the old Jew's story. They thought he had

made it up to excite sympathy; and then again, the officers said it was not likely that a soldier would have broken into the store, and then left silver scattered around; and upon the whole, they neither knew, nor cared much about it, and it therefore dropped.

A few days after this, a barrack was to be built within the fortress, and I was chosen, with some other soldiers, to work on this, one month. Our task was to wheel one thousand bricks a day, some four hundred yards from the sea shore, up to the barracks, which was a very hard job, as part of the distance was very steep, and I have sometimes slipped, and my bricks would come down on me, and my barrow would roll down over the hill. We had a task-master over us; he was corporal. He sported white kid gloves and a cane, and was quite a gentleman. In Ireland, where he came from, he was a turf digger, and worked in the mud. I worked on the barracks about a month, and saw many flogged for drinking, while at work there, and the task-master would swear that they were drunk, if they had taken any at all.

CHAPTER XII.

THE batteries were situated upon a bluff, some two hundred and fifty feet high, near the sea. It was a level plot, upon which some two thousand could be accommodated. Above the batteries, on the top of this bluff, was the hospital, and dead-house. A short time after I came here, there was one man in the hospital that was pronounced dead, or so near it, that it would be safe enough, as they thought, to put him in the dead-house, and he was therefore carried and put in there, and while there, the rats began to lay claim to him, which was the means of arousing him, and he got up and crept around as best he could. The sentry hearing a noise within the dead-house, called the sergeant, and the soldiers turned out of the guard-room, but not one of them would pluck up courage enough to enter. At last they got a lantern, and opening the door, they called out, "Who's there?" They received no answer, but heard a noise, as if some person

had fallen down. After some time, they went in, and found the poor fellow, who was now dead. He was actually frightened to death.

An incident happened when I was in Corfu, although not connected with me, still I cannot refrain from stating it. A man named Rogers, that belonged to the Rifle Brigade, and had been a schoolmate of the sergeant of the same company, got angry with him, as the sergeant, from some cause or other, took every opportunity that he could, to confine him, and determined to have his life. One night Rogers went and took another man's firelock, and went to the sergeant's bed, and putting the muzzle of his gun to the sergeant's head, fired. The ball passed through his head, killing him, and down into another room, into one of the soldier's cots. The alarm was given, and the firelocks examined, to see which one had been loaded recently, and the owner of the gun was arrested; but while being carried off, Rogers sprang from his cot, and said that he was the man that did the deed. The other soldier was released, and Rogers was taken and put into the dead-cell, and there confined to await his trial. He was tried by a general court-martial, and was sentenced to be hung. On the morning of the execution, the prisoner appeared as lively as ever. At ten o'clock, the

bugle sounded for the soldiers to dress, and in half an hour, for them to fall in. All were marched up to witness the execution; and when upon the scaffold, the prisoner made one of the most affecting speeches that had been heard for many a day. He exposed the petty officers, and how they tyrannized over the soldiers, and concluded his remarks with such feeling, that the tears ran down the faces of the rough soldiers, and some of them, it was said, even fell in the ranks. At that time, his speech was heralded throughout the land, as a remarkable one. Thus perished a scholar, a soldier, and one that had every requisite qualification to have made a man respected and honored by his countrymen.

A short time after the execution, a soldier belonging to the same regiment with myself, wanted to go into town, and as sentries were stationed all around, he dressed himself as Rogers was dressed, when carried to the place of execution. As he approached the sentries, they fled before him, as they thought he was Rogers' ghost; and he succeeded in getting to town, and back safe. Having made such a successful trip, he thought that he could go the next night, but an old soldier was on sentry, an Irishman, whom they called Tim. He was as bold as a lion, and nothing could frighten him; and as Galgree, (the name of the soldier,) was pass-

ing him, he cried out, "Who comes there?"

No answer came, and he cried again, "Who comes there?"

But he received no answer, and again cried out,

"The divil take you, by St. Pathrick av ye doant be after givin the signal, its meself that will make daylight shine through ye. Who comes there?"

No answer came, and Tim snapped, but his firelock flashed in the pan, or poor Galgree would have made his last night's excursion. Tim now charged bayonet, and Galgree took to his heels, with Tim after him. He soon brought him to a stand between two high bluffs, when Galgree said, "Tim, don't you know me?"

"By me soul, its meself that's not ackuanted with the likes av ye," said Tim.

"But don't you know Galgree?"

"Well, Galgree or no Galgree, av ye doant be after marching to the guard-room, I'll jist tickle ye with the pint of my bayonet; and faith an ye'll find that's meself that's too ould a soldier, to be scared by the ghosteses."

Galgree marched towards the guard-room, with Tim following close at his heels, with the bayonet at his back, and arriving at another sentry-box, the sentry, seeing the ghost of Rogers as he supposed,

with a screech, took to his heels. Tim still kept marching him along until he came to the guard-room, and then ordered Galgree to open the door. The sergeant was making out his guard report when the door opened, and the ghost of Rogers stared him in the face. He was frightened, and in his alarm overturned the table, and the noise awakened the soldiers who were in the room; and seeing Rogers's ghost in the door, some cursed and swore, while others shrunk into the back part of the room. Tim now began to get mad at the cowardice of the soldiers, and bellowed out "The divil and sure Rogers has come back, and what a boald lot av soldiers ye are; its mesalf that would not be afeerd to face a regemint like ye, an is it the likes av ye, that are put on guard, thats afeerd of a shader? this is nothing more than Galgree who is playing the ghosteses on us."

The words of Tim and his voice restored the soldiers to order again, and they began to come out and show themselves. Poor Galgree was taken up into a chamber and fastened in, and the next day he was brought before the commanding officer, who, when he was brought in, imitated the rest of the soldiers, and holding up his hands and starting back, to make fun of the frightened officers, he

said, "I thought we hung you the other day, but we will see if we can give you some more punishment;" and he gave orders for him to be tried by a court-martial, and he was sentenced to break stones fifty days where Rogers was hung.

My companion Ackroid was taken sick a short time after I came here, and was carried to the hospital. What little money I obtained, I would spend in buying him luxuries. I was not allowed to carry wine to him, but sometimes smuggled it in a small flask, concealed in my stockings. I went to see him one day, and whilst there, the drum-major came in with a letter sealed with black; it was written by his sister, and conveyed the unwelcome news of the death of his mother. His mother had written to him many times, urging him to get his discharge from the army, which he could have done by paying twenty-one pounds, and she offered him the money to pay it; but I would talk him out of the notion, and tell him that we should soon go to a station nearer home. But the most prevailing argument I had, was that we had been companions so long that I could not get along without him, as they were all strangers to me here, and by this I persuaded him to remain. Ackroid read the letter and passed it to me, but I could not read, but knew

that something was written there that caused my companion to weep, and he told me that his mother was dead. While the tears coursed down his cheeks, he said these words to me: "Isaac, there is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, and softens the heart, and brings it back to its infancy!" Who that has languished in advanced life, upon a sick bed, in neglect and in loneliness in a foreign land, that has not thought of the mother who in his childhood smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? There is something in a mother's love for a son, which transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be stifled by ingratitude, nor daunted in danger; for she will surrender everything for his enjoyment, and sacrifice everything for his pleasure. If prosperity should overtake him, she will exult at his success; and if adversity, she will lament at his misfortune,—though all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him! I never expected Ackroid to get out again, but he soon after began to recover, and left the hospital.

There were six hundred men that came from the Isle of Wight to Corfu, but many of them were taken off by sickness, and one regiment, by a fatal malady that prevailed, lost every man but one. I

remained in Corfu some three years, and then an order came from the Horse Guards, for the 97th Regiment to go to Malta. We sailed in the man-of-war Vengeance, and every heart was glad to leave, expecting to go to a better place, but we were taken to a worse one. While we were sailing up to Malta, they practiced shooting with a seventy-four gun. The first lieutenant had one eye, and if there was a tyrant in the British service, it was that man. I have seen him, when the gunner was elevating his piece, strike him with a rope's end, as the position of the gun did not suit him, and lay him prostrate on the deck.

We landed at Malta, and then marched to our barracks, where we were sent to our respective rooms. The regimental guard was the first place where I was upon duty. The Maltese gave the soldiers wine, and got them intoxicated, and there were so many of them confined that the guard-room was nearly full. When we went into the streets, we were often attacked, and many were the escapes we made from the Maltese while we stopped in that place. One evening, one of my companions, a drinking fellow, went out upon the street, and got into a fight; several Maltese were against him, but he fought his way through, and

arrived to the barracks, covered with blood, and wounded badly. The musquitoes and sand-flies troubled us exceedingly, so that it was difficult for us to sleep in the guard-room, and we used to tie our pants around the bottom, to keep them from biting our legs; and although we used every means to keep them off, we could not get rid of them. By these troubles, we could not sleep much in the guard-room, and when we went upon sentry, we were very sleepy, and at one time, I remember it distinctly, I sat down when upon my post, and fell asleep. The sergeant, making his regular visit to the sentries, and finding me asleep, seized my firelock to take it from me, but I was awake in a moment, and my bayonet at his breast. He told me that I should have to be confined; but I informed him that the musquitoes and sand-flies troubled us so when in the guard-room that we could not sleep, and that I fell asleep upon my post before I was aware of it. This sergeant had always been friendly to me, and he did not report me to the commanding officer, or I should have stood a chance of getting fifty lashes.

The soldiers having had a falling out with the Maltese, could not go into the streets without running the risk of their lives. Our regiment, about the time of the trouble, had to furnish the main

guard; there were twenty-seven others besides myself upon that guard. One evening, the band was playing in front of the guard-room, in a large public square, (the band was formed in a circle,) and there were three soldiers and a corporal that walked around the circle, to keep the crowd back; but one man that had been drinking, broke in, and the corporal arrested and carried him to the guard-room, and confined him. As soon as the man was arrested, the crowd rushed toward the band, breaking their circle, and overturning some of them by the rapidity of their movements. The guard was called out under arms, and I was standing beside a soldier named Vass, when a large rock was thrown and came down, grazing his face. This and similar demonstrations aroused the soldiers, and in the confusion, the prisoner escaped from the guard-room, and ran down the street, with the corporal after him. We presented bayonets, and kept the crowd back. My bayonet was at the breast of a priest, and the Maltese men looked exceedingly fierce at me, while the priest was continually crossing himself. The corporal caught up with the prisoner, and seized him by the collar, but quite a number of the Maltese gathered around to rescue him, when the corporal saw Tim, (the Irishman

before referred to,) walking along near by; he cried out for him to assist, and Tim, seizing a large cane from a bystander, came to the corporal, and as the crowd were just endeavoring to rescue the prisoner, he laid a number of them prostrate, and took the prisoner, and marched him to the guard-room. The Maltese, seeing a number of their men struck down by Tim, would not be satisfied or suspend hostilities, until he was arrested and confined, which was accordingly done. He was kept in prison forty days, and was then honorably acquitted; and when he walked the streets of Malta, the citizens treated him with more respect than any other soldier, on account of his bravery.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WAS on the new Senate Guard while in Malta, and there were many Turks there, and I was attracted every morning by seeing them bow down and worship the sun. While upon this guard, I was taken sick, but I thought I would much rather die in the barracks than in the hospital. But growing weaker every day, at last I could just get around; and as the corporal came around to the barracks and inquired if any were sick, I gave in my name, and was carried to the hospital. The doctor, as soon as I arrived to the hospital, came to see me, and asked "How long have you been sick?" I told him that it had been nearly a week.

"You are a dead man, then. Why did you not report yourself, before?" he said with an oath.

One day the general doctor came to visit me; I had been then three months in the hospital, and was almost a skeleton, and he said that I could live but a short time. I felt frightened by his

words, knowing that I was not prepared to die, and I pledged myself, that if God would raise me up, that I would serve him the remainder of my days. That night my feet grew cold, and I was told my time had come. These words nearly frightened me to death; when one of the soldiers that was intoxicated, seized a pan, and filling it full of hot water, put my feet into it, scalding me severely. I closed my eyes in death, as I thought then, and lay speechless. The person who had charge of me took from my pocket a Spanish dollar, and exchanged his old boots for a pair of new ones that I had on. I opened my eyes, and the man finding I was not dead yet, returned the dollar, and replaced the boots. That night I was able to speak, and continued to recover slowly. I was soon enabled to walk, and obtained liberty to go out of hospital, down upon the sea-shore, and at the first, I had the Maltese assist me back to the hospital a number of times, being too weak to return. After I had recovered so as to go upon duty again, the Light Infantry received orders to go upon the opposite side of Malta, to take charge of a fort. While at the fort, a soldier belonging to Number Two Company had been drinking hard, and he went and took his firelock and loaded it, and going into a bowling alley that was near, tied a string to

the trigger of the gun, and placing the muzzle under his chin, was just about to pull the string, when the sergeant went in, and knocking the man down, caught the gun as it dropped; it went off and drove the ball into the ceiling. The soldier was taken up, and carried to the hospital.

We stopped in Malta about sixteen months, when an order was received for the 97th Regiment to go forthwith to Halifax, in the ship Java. We left in the fall of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, and arrived at Halifax in some fifty days; and as we had thin clothing on, we suffered extremely from the cold. We went ashore and pitched our tents on the common, where we stopped three nights, and part of the time it rained and hailed, and we had to dig small drains in our tents to carry off the water. The bottom of our tents was covered with straw, upon which we slept, until the regiment whom we were sent to relieve, went away,—then we went into the barracks.

Some of the soldiers and officers were so vexed by the treatment which they received that they ran away from the army. We had at that time the finest grenadier company that there was in the British army; but many of these deserted, thus injuring the company. There were three full-sergeants, and two color sergeants that deserted. The

three sergeants went away at one time, and a police sergeant that belonged to the 38th Regiment volunteered to go after them. The sergeants, as we learned, were in a Scotch settlement, some distance from the army; and the police sergeant, taking some other soldiers with him, went to this settlement, and found out the house that they stopped at. Leaving his men upon the outside, he went into the house, and whilst in the lower part, one of the sergeants came down stairs. As soon as the police sergeant saw him, he drew his pistol, and told him to stand, and that he was his prisoner in the Queen's name. But the other two sergeants came down, and one of them knocked the police sergeant over, and took the brace of pistols away from him, and then they fought their way through the soldiers at the door, and escaped to the States. The sergeant got such a severe whipping that he was laid by for some time.

Soon after our regiment arrived at Halifax, I was appointed corporal in the Light Infantry, and this was a great misfortune to me, for it gave me greater liberty inside of the barracks, and plenty of drink outside; and I forgot the promise I had made God when I was sick, and plunged deeper into dissipation. After being appointed, I was ordered to mount the "ordnance guard," and I

had some old soldiers with me, and having been recently appointed, I was expected to stand treat for all hands. I told them that I should not, for I had seen the result of drinking, when upon duty; but one of the soldiers said that all corporals treated when appointed. I would not consent, but one of them brought a bottle of brandy when upon guard, and soon another was brought, until some half a dozen bottles had been drank by the soldiers, and they got partially intoxicated. What to do, I could not tell! If the commanding officer should see them in such a condition, they would be confined, and myself with them. I therefore went and brought a couple of pails of water, and threw this on them, but it did not sober them, and I then turned too, and gave them a pretty good thrashing, which sobered them in a great measure. When we went off from duty, the commanding officer inspected the guard, and they passed all right.

I had charge of fifteen men, and one of these one night got a pass from the commanding officer, to go out of the barracks and stop all night. His name was Thomas Wilkinson, and he and myself were boon companions, and used to have our times, generally, together. He was a hard drinker, and something of a fighting character. Wilkinson asked me to come out after tattoo, and I told him

I would, if possible. After the roll was called, and when all the men were asleep in the barrack-room, I arose and dressed myself, and went down near the "Canteen," and climbed over the fence, and went up where Wilkinson was, and there got something to drink. I stopped here a short time, and then went to see a keeper of a drinking saloon, and while I was there drinking, a police sergeant, (the same fellow that did not take the sergeants that deserted), came into the shop and asked me if I had a pass. I told him that it was none of his business, as he had nothing to do with the regiment that I belonged to.

"If you do not tell me, I will call in my men at the door," said the sergeant.

"Well, call them in," I said, and being in drink, I was not afraid to face them.

The sergeant called in two men at the door, and they dragged me out of the shop into the street. As they arrived opposite where I left Wilkinson, I called out for him to come out, but he was too far gone to pay any attention to me. I had made up my mind not to be carried to barracks, and intended to get Wilkinson, and both of us I knew could have flogged the sergeant and two men that he had with him, easily; but as he was not with me, I determined to do it alone.

The sergeant was in the rear, and a man on each side of me, and I took an opportunity, when their attention was attracted in another direction, and gave the sergeant a blow under the chin that laid him flat upon his back. Then turning quickly, I knocked down one of the men at my side, and ran as fast as I could with the third one after me with a cane; and catching up, he struck me down in the road. I was up and off again, and escaped the fellow, and passed the sentry and got safe into barracks. I went to my room, and there I undressed and feigned sleep, for I supposed that I should have callers soon. The police sergeant went to the barracks and reported to the major sergeant that I was out of barracks, and they both went to the color sergeant of the regiment that I belonged to, and in company with him, came to my room. The major sergeant, coming to my cot, shook me and managed to awake me. I got up and wiping my eyes, asked what the trouble was.

"Oh, the rascal," said the police sergeant, and he swore that I had been out of barracks, and that he could bring proof of it. I awakened my men, and they all said that I went to bed when they did, but the police sergeant being so positive, and still maintaining it, the sergeant major said, "Corporal

Ambler, you may consider yourself under arrest," and then the three left my room. If they had examined my clothes they would have found evidence enough against me, for they were covered with mud; but in the excitement they forgot it.

The next forenoon I was brought before the commanding officer, and the charge read against me of breaking out of barracks and assaulting an officer. I had borrowed a pair of pants and a coat, so that I appeared before the officer in pretty good shape.

The sergeant major had been up before I was brought before the officer, to the place where I had been the night before, and there learned that I had been out of barracks. I was aware that he had been out, and I made up my mind to tell the whole story. I therefore told the commanding officer that I had been out and up to town, and perhaps took a drop, and while I was in a shop, the police sergeant came in and asked me to show my pass. I told him that it was none of his business, which made him angry, and he told me that unless I showed my pass he would call in two men that he had at the door, and take me to the barracks. I consented to the arrangement, and then he brought his two men in and they took me a prisoner, but that they did not carry me a prisoner to the barracks,

and that I went there alone, and went to bed and got asleep, and so sound that the sergeant major could hardly wake me. At this point the sergeant major and color sergeant were laughing, and the police sergeant seeing that he was not likely to make much out of it, was going out, when the commanding officer said:

"When you attempt to bring prisoners to the barracks, remember after this to bring them all the way."

This was a severe cut on the police sergeant, as the incidents connected with the three sergeants that deserted, and that the police sergeant went after, were fresh in the memory of all present. He left the room, while those present smiled at the remark. The commander then turned and told me to go about my business, and not to be brought before him on any such charge again, for if I was I should certainly be punished. I faced to the right about and went out of the room, finding at the door all my company waiting for me, expecting that I should get confused. As I came out I said, "It's all right, boys," upon which they gave a shout, and taking me upon their shoulders, carried me to my room.

CHAPTER XIV.

The soldiers used to have some good times when upon duty, and I remember that one night when I was placed with three men under me, upon the Magazine Guard, (this was the farthest guard from barracks,) one of the men asked me if we should not have some rum; but as I had seen the effects of it and its consequences, I told him that I would not allow any to be brought. When soldiers set their minds on having rum, they will almost always manage to get some, and one of the men said that if I would allow them to get some, that he would get a goose, and another said he would get some potatoes, and upon this I gave my consent. They went off and soon returned with their provisions, and we kindled a fire and baked our goose, and cooked our potatoes and drank our liquor, and had, in our opinion, a fine time.

A soldier's life, although it is hard and dark,

yet has some bright spots, which are like oases in desert places, and as rare. And they serve to lighten the cares of a soldier's life, and cheer him in his laborious and irksome duties. We would look back upon the little sprees and good times that we had with pleasure, as we sat in the barrack room, and laid out our plans for the future.

As I succeeded well as corporal, and kept my men in good condition without being confined, the color sergeant of the company asked me how I managed to get along so well; and in the course of our conversation, he said, "There is one room with ten men in it, and some of them are confined about every night, and I want you to take charge of the room, and to commence to-day."

I went to my new quarters, and told them that I was appointed to take charge of the room, and that upon the commencement intended to have order. The first night I stood at the door of the barrack room, and the first man that came in drunk I knocked down; the second was served the same, and I thought that it could be stopped in this way, but I found that I was mistaken. The next night, in carrying my plans out, I got into a regular fight, and one of the men threw a piece of iron at me which just grazed my cheek and struck the wall,

leaving its mark. After we got quieted down, I tried to reason with them, and met with good success. I told them that I was the youngest of any of them, and that I had had before good success in taking care and keeping order in my room, and that now I was placed over them, as I had been so successful. I still further told them that my reputation and my honor were compromised, (for I had told the color sergeant that I could keep order) and that I now appealed to them as men of honor to assist me. One old soldier that had been in the army many years, said, "I will give my word and honor that I will not get drunk again while you have charge of the room, and I will not speak to the soldier that does." This encouraged me, and I thanked him, and from that day it was the best and most orderly room in the barracks.

I therefore ever since that time have thought much of moral suasion, and have found that man has a heart, and that it is never so hardened but that it is capable of receiving good impressions, and being touched by words of kindness. God has given rational beings the power of reasoning, which is a powerful agent of man, and which is the greatest and most potent instrument that can be applied to man to bring him from vice and evil.

A short time after this, I was chosen to go after

a deserter to Pictou, some 120 miles distant, and two men were selected to go with me as an escort. Before we left, my orders were given me, and quarters were provided on the way, and an order given me to present to the keeper of the places I was ordered to stop at. We started off with our knapsacks on our backs, and our arms with us. But passing a detachment of the 97th Regiment, we left our knapsacks, as they were so heavy and impeded our progress considerably, and then continued our way. The first day we marched about twenty miles and arrived at our billeting quarters, where we got something to eat and stopped that night. We only had two meals a day, one in the morning before we commenced our march for the day, and the other at night where we stopped. The next morning we continued our march, and went that day about the same distance that we did the day before, and arrived at our quarters. The third day it rained hard, but we had to travel the same, and we went this day 20 miles and arrived at our stopping place, and here we all stood before a large fire, and dried ourselves the best we could. In conversation with the landlord, I told him our next stopping place.

"You must be careful there," he said, "the landlord of that place is a villian; but a short time ago a pedlar was murdered there, and if you carry any

money with you, you had better keep an eye on it."

I told him that I thought that we should not meet with any difficulty, but thanked him for his words of caution that he had given me, and then we retired for the night. The next day we arrived at the tavern that the last keeper had cautioned me about, and we met the landlord at the door, and I was immediately struck with his pleasant appearance. As we went into the house, we saw his two daughters, and I thought to myself, surely this man can be no murderer. When night came I was shown to a room below stairs, while my two men were carried up stairs; this I thought looked suspicious, but I kept all the firelocks in my room, and told the men that if they heard an alarm to hurry down as soon as possible to my assistance. When I laid down for the night I put a firelock at my side; but I could not sleep, my thoughts were running upon what the tavern keeper had told me in regard to the man whose roof I was under. As I lay there, I heard some one approaching my room who seemed to stop at my door. I seized my firelock, and as I was accustomed to challenge when upon sentry, I cried out, "Who comes there?" I received no answer, and as I heard no more noise I laid down again upon my bed, but as I was still listening, I heard voices. I arose and went to the door and

listened; it was the voice of the landlord in prayer; and as he concluded, the daughters followed, and they concluded by singing a hymn. I felt more secure after hearing those prayers than I did with my guns by my side, and I threw aside my firelocks, and laid down and slept sweetly. The next morning we tried to get some rum of the landlord, but we were not successful, (we had got it every morning before), and we had to leave without it.

We had traveled some five or six miles when I began to feel faint and hungry, and I told my men to keep on whilst I went into a cabin by the side of the road, and got something to eat. I had been so used to my rum that I could not get along without it. I went into the cabin where there was an elderly lady and her sick daughter that was near death, and I asked her if she would get me something to eat. She brought me a cup of coffee and a buckwheat cake, which tasted good to me; after eating I offered the woman some money, but she would not take it, and thanking her, I left the cabin to overtake my men, but they were some distance before me. As I was hurrying through a piece of woods to overtake them, a man jumped out from the bushes before me with a bayonet in his hand, and approached me in a threatening manner.

I presented my bayonet and made a rush towards him, upon which he turned and took to his heels, and jumping over a ditch by the side of the road, he dropped the bayonet out of his hand. I crossed the ditch and picked it up, and continued on my way, and soon came up with my men, and showed them my bayonet that I had captured in my attack upon the man who had assaulted me.

We continued on our way, and arrived at our place for refreshment, and there I showed the bayonet, and the keeper said that he had had two horses stolen from him, and that a number of the families around had lost some articles. We immediately gathered some of the neighbors, and started off in pursuit of the robber. The next day we came to a village about twenty miles from my place of destination, and found my quarters and had something to eat, and then I went with my men into the bar room. Whilst there a number of young men came in, and we had a pretty merry time. One young man of about my size, wished me to exchange my military clothes for his, and then for me to go with him to his father's house, which was about three miles from the tavern.

I was ready for any kind of sport, and therefore willingly complied with the request, and we went into an adjoining room and exchanged clothes,

and going out, we got into a carriage which the young man had there, and started for his house. We had both taken too much liquor to navigate a horse well, and we at the first start had some narrow escapes. We had gone about one mile, when we came into a clearing, where the road was not easily discernable. We were going about twelve knots an hour when the chaise all at once sunk into a ditch, and stopping suddenly, I was thrown forward on to the horse's back. The horse breaking away, and jumping at the same time, somewhat disturbed my equilibrium, and I fell down into the mud, while he went off at full speed. In a short time I came to myself, when hearing a noise near me, I thought I was on sentry, and cried out, "Who comes there?"

"Why, don't you know me?" said my companion.

"I don't think that you would know *me*," I said, "for I am in the mud, and my, or I would say your clothes are pretty well daubed. But where are you?"

"Well, I am in the mud, too, and I believe that I have broken my wrist."

"Well, I profess to be something of a doctor, if you will just come and pull me out, I will see to your wrist." I was beginning to get pretty sober,

as the cold mud and water had a wonderful influence on me.

"I am out," said my companion, and coming to where I lay, he took hold of my hand, and pulled me out.

One glance at my military clothes showed me that they were none the better for this night's excursion, and I saw a number of places torn, but I consoled myself with the thought that there were none here to inspect them. After brushing from us the mud, we started for our horse, but not finding him, we continued on our way. We soon arrived at the young man's house, and found that the horse had arrived all right. My companion went up to the door and knocked. The door was opened by his father, when he said, "Can you accommodate two poor soldiers here to-night?" The old gentleman said that he did not think that he could, and was just pushing the door to, when the young man said, "I have no place to sleep to-night, and it is rainy without, and I should like to sleep on the floor," upon which the old man opened the door wide, and we went into a room where the young man's mother was, who eyed us rather narrowly, and then turned to her son who had on my clothes, and exclaimed, "My son," and fainted. She soon came to, and I was treated finely by the old people,

and then started to go back, the young man showing me the way.

The next morning we resumed our march and soon arrived at Pictou, and went to the jail and found the prisoner there. As it was night, and I had an order on a tavern for refreshments and lodgings, I left the jail, and with my men went to it and put up.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning we went to the jail and saw the sergeant, who gave the prisoner into my hands, saying, "Here is a deserter from the army; by orders that I have received, I give him over into your hands." I took the prisoner and put on the handcuffs, and started to march for Halifax. After going about a mile, I told the prisoner that if he would give me his word not to attempt to escape, I would take the handcuffs off. He replied that he would not give me any trouble, and I took them off.

That day we stopped at the place that we had been billeted to, and I was troubled how to take care of my prisoner. I felt that I had something at stake, and thought that it was of as much importance as if I had a thousand to look after. After much reflection upon the subject, I thought of a plan; I therefore slept with the prisoner, and had my left hand handcuffed to his right one, feel-

ing pretty confident that my prisoner could not get away without my knowing something about it.

I think that this way of securing a prisoner was original, but I would not recommend it, especially if a person wishes to sleep much. I thought that my wrist would be broken off. Every time the prisoner turned, it would cut my wrist, and every time I turned, it would cause the prisoner to cry out, and *vice versa*. I thought that the prisoner might get somewhat excited in the night and strike me with his fist, but as a precaution, I had his right hand confined to my left, and I came to the conclusion that if he commenced such an operation that he would be likely to come off second best. To say that I felt as tired in the morning as I did the night before, would convey no idea of my condition. If I had been three days and nights upon a forced march, without closing my eyes to sleep, I could not have felt worse, and I thought that the next time I took a prisoner, I would let him go before I would torture myself as I did that night.

The next morning we resumed our march and arrived without any adventures to our quarters, where we stopped for the night. The next day was the Sabbath, and I made up my mind to stop at this place during the day. I therefore had my prisoner lodged in jail, telling the keeper at the

same time, that I should look to him for his safe keeping, and then went to church. After meeting I went to the jail, as I felt somewhat anxious, as some prisoners had made their escape out of the jail where I had put my man. I found all right, but the man wished to come out and walk around some, he said, so I told the jailer to let him out, and I presented bayonet, and the prisoner marched before. We had gone some fifty yards, and had got out of the main streets when the prisoner turned around rather fierce at me, and started to run. I cocked my firelock, and sung out for him to stop, or he was a dead man, which he quickly did, and coming up with him, I told him to "right about face," and marched for the jail. After giving him into the hands of the jailer, I went to the tavern, and found that my two men were drinking in the bar-room with two deserters that were there, and they agreed among themselves to rob and kill me, and then to leave with the money, as I had some little with me. One of my men that was with me, was an old soldier that had been in the army fourteen years, and he thought to himself, that in seven years more, he would receive a pension for life, and he therefore determined to have nothing to do in the affair, and came and told me the whole story. One of these deserters was the same man that took

care of me when I was sick in the hospital, and took my Spanish dollar, and exchanged boots with me, and I can assure you that I had no very friendly feelings towards him at that time. I told my escort, or the one that informed me of the plot, that he had better appear the same as if nothing had been said about it, and when they came to my room, I would be ready for them. This conversation was in the bar-room, and seeing one of the deserters coming in, my escort stepped out of the way. As he came in, a thought struck me, and I spoke to him and said, "Did you not see two escorts who are in the village in search of you, and your companion? now, take my advice, and leave as quick as posssible, or you will be taken." He turned pale as I was telling him about the escort, and left immediately, and I have never seen either of them since.

The next morning I commenced my march, and reached Halifax after being absent sixteen days, fourteen of which, if I am not mistaken, it rained. I lodged my prisoner in jail, and he was kept there six months, and was then sent to England, where he was confined in prison about three months, and was then liberated, and soon after made his escape to America.

This deserter was about to marry a young wom-

an at Prince Edward's Island, before he was made a prisoner, but the father of the young woman was opposed to the match, and knowing that the man was a deserter, informed the captain of a company there, who immediately made him a prisoner. The deserter, as soon as he was liberated in England, (he had received money from his betrothed in America,) immediately made his escape to Prince Edward's Island, and married the young woman there.

The next guard that I mounted was over the prisoners. The sergeant-major picked me for out this guard, as he said, because it was an easy one, I having just returned from a hard march. I had to go on guard at four o'clock in the afternoon, and stop till eight o'clock, and all this time I was not allowed to speak aloud or laugh. I had to sit on a seat erected on one side of the room, and on this seat I could look over all the prisoners. On the opposite side was the provost sergeant, who had charge of the prisoners. When I went into the room where the prisoners were, they were all in rows, and I noticed many that I knew, and had been with many times on a spree; and as the prisoners were not allowed to speak, those that knew me began to make signs. I went up and

took my seat, but it seemed a strange place for me. All the prisoners were facing me, and one, a drummer, a comic and mimicking fellow, looked very sober at me all the while. Those around him began to smile, and I began now to comprehend his meaning. The fellow was pretending that I was a preacher. I burst out into a loud laugh, in which all the prisoners joined, which astonished the provost sergeant, and he said that he would report me to the commanding officer. One of the prisoners now spoke, and said that the provost sergeant had no right to speak, and general confusion ensued. This guard was the hardest one I ever had.

The next guard I went upon, was the citadel guard. Previous to my mounting this, an officer belonging to the Scotch highlanders brought thirty-six deserters, who were transported, and put in the dry-room, a place where criminals were kept. The building was of granite, and the windows were secured by strong iron bars, to prevent the prisoners escaping. A sergeant went every two hours through the room where the prisoners were, and with a piece of iron would let it strike against the bars as he passed, to see if any of them had been sawed into. One of the prisoners, between the interval of the sergeant's visits, sawed a bar of iron

off, and made a passage large enough to admit a person, and through this quite a number escaped. One large man in endeavoring to get through, got wedged in, so that he could not get back, and the other prisoners finding that they could not get him out, informed the sentry. The sentry gave the alarm, and soon the whole guard turned out, and opening the door of the dry room, saw the man fast in the window. We pulled him back, but I certainly thought it would kill him, and then started in pursuit of those that had escaped. We were not successful, and although detachments were sent throughout the surrounding country, we never heard from them. How they escaped out of the fortress we never knew, for after getting out of the window, they had to drop some ten feet to the ground, and then they were inside of a granite wall some ten feet high; this they managed to scale, and thus effected their escape.

There was a place called "Waterloo Tavern," kept by a man named Murphy; it was a low, miserable place, and one night a man belonging to the sappers and miners went to this place, and having considerable money about him, was murdered and thrown into a well. A short time after, his body was found there, and so enraged were the sappers

and miners that they determined to have their revenge. They commenced to lay a train of powder a number of yards distant, and extended it to the tavern. They were some time in accomplishing the undertaking, and one dark night they ignited the powder, and instantly an explosion took place, and the building was at once enveloped in flames. The bugler gave the alarm of fire, and the engines were hurried out, and great exertions were pretended to be made to subdue the flames, but it was burnt down, together with some persons in the building.

CHAPTER XVI.

In our company there was a sergeant, named Pallinger. He was a smart and shrewd man, and had a good education. He was the color sergeant, and was entrusted with a considerable amount of money, he being considered a very honest man. He and a man named Smith were determined to leave the army, and make their escape. Before leaving, the sergeant bought himself a splendid suit of clothes, and a footman's suit for Smith; and watching an opportunity, they one night made their escape, the sergeant taking considerable money that was entrusted to him. They passed off on the road as gentleman and servant, and a number of detachments of soldiers who were in pursuit of them, passed them on the road, but as the sergeant was dressed finely, they did not dare to say anything to him, although they saw that he was about the same height as one of the deserters.

They came one day to a guard, and Smith, the footman, was ahead; the guard stopped him and began to inspect him, when he told them that his master was a few steps behind, and that he would settle with them for stopping his servant; and upon this they let him go. The sergeant soon came along, and they stopped him, but he told them that he would report their proceedings to the commander for stopping a gentleman on the road, and wished to know if they intended to insult him so much as to stop him upon the pretense that he was a deserter. He would have them to know that he was a gentleman, and that he would make them smart for their behavior. And feeling somewhat ashamed, the soldiers let him off, and with his footman he escaped to the States; and now lives in the State of New York.

There was a sergeant in the 7th Regiment, a smart and very strong and courageous man, named E———. I well remember of receiving some pretty severe threshings from his hands, although not so large a man as I was. He was a great drinker, and sometimes would come up into our mess and get drunk, so that we would have to carry him to his quarters. In the Russian war the sergeant was on the field of battle, and fell pierced

with nine balls, and left on the field for dead. He came to, and getting up, took a firelock that was near, and loading it, walked up to the enemy's position where there was a sentry on guard over three prisoners; he fired and shot the sentry, and the prisoners escaped. They went towards their quarters, and while going, a field piece was fired at them; the ball grazed the sergeant's foot, taking the sole of his boot completely off. When he arrived at his quarters the balls were extracted, and he was soon after sent to England with a pension.

The Queen and her maids of honor received him, her Majesty making some remarks, and speaking of his brave conduct, offered him a home in England, or he might go to Halifax where his wife was, and make his home there. The sergeant thinking that there was no place like "sweet home," went to Halifax, and as he left, one of the maids of honor walked arm in arm with him to the place of embarkation, where the Queen presented him with a white silk handkerchief, saying, "that it was hemmed with her own hands," and was given to him as a mark of her esteem for his bravery.

The sergeant, the last I heard from him, was still living in Halifax, and he sometimes has a little spree, and when he does, will take out his white handkerchief and swing it in the air.

We remained in Halifax about twelve months, and then were ordered to St. Johns, New Brunswick. We immediately went and took our respective quarters. Soon after we came to St. Johns, I was appointed sergeant; this was another bad thing for me, it gave me still greater liberties. I went in company with the sergeants, who were all drinking fellows, and I had the privilege of drinking to the greatest excess. I had been here but a short time, and one evening I was walking in one of the streets, when I saw in a window on the opposite side, three young ladies, who, upon seeing me, looked up, and one of them said, "Look at that nigger soldier."

On hearing this remark, I felt vexed. It did not surprise me, however, for I had burned my face so badly whilst in the warm climate, that I was almost black. I thought to myself that I would marry the one that made the remark about me.

The young woman who had spoken thus, was the daughter of a lady that lived in great style and moved in the first circles, and how to get acquainted with her, was now the question. I knew a soldier in the guard room that could write, and I told him that I wanted him to write me a letter, which he accordingly did, and I sent it. I received an answer the next day that checked my ardor a

little. It read thus, "How dare you, sir, have the presumption to address me a note?" Short and sweet, yet I determined to persevere in my suit, and resolved yet to get acquainted with her.

Passing her house one day, I saw her in the garden, and went around to the back side of the house, and I walked softly up behind her as she was picking off a rose. She heard my step behind, and turning around, was upon the point of hurrying off to the house, when I said, "Madam, you will excuse my presumption, (I never heard the word before I heard it read in the letter that the young lady sent me, but I thought that I must bring out every thing that I could, in my opening speech; I had got it all by heart to deliver some time before I met her in the garden,) in entering your garden so unceremoniously, but the beauty of your flowers attracted my attention, and I hope you will excuse my boldness." She pardoned me, and showed me around the garden, and soon after I left, feeling well pleased with my success.

Whilst at St. Johns, I was appointed caterer of the sergeant's mess, and to sell rum to the soldiers. This berth gave me a pretty good opportunity to drink as much as I pleased. I drank up all my pay, and all the profits on the liquor, and was very dissipated whilst I held that berth. We used to

play cards whilst not on duty, and one night one of the officer's servants came in to play, and we all drank very hard. The servant made a mis-play, and I told him of it, which made him angry, and he reached across the table and struck me in the face. I had drank so much liquor that I was under its influence considerably, and this enraged me. I jumped up and put the light out, and cleared the room of all excepting the servant; and now I was determined to give him a threshing. He grabbed me by the hair with one hand, and with the other he had me by the throat. In endeavoring to free myself from his grasp, I left a large portion of my hair in his hand. Then I was at liberty, and springing towards him, I seized him, and hurrying to the door which was open, I was just upon the point of pitching him headlong over the verandah, down some twelve feet, to the pavement below, when I was arrested by one of the company. When I got sobered down a little, I felt extremely glad that I was stopped from doing an act, whereby I have no doubt I should have taken human life, or been the means of it.

The next morning I was awakened in my cot by a tap on the shoulder. I knew what it meant well; when a soldier has been insulted, and wishes satisfaction, he goes early in the morning and taps the

person on the shoulder who has insulted him, as a signal to get up and go and fight it out. The instant I felt the touch, I was awake and knew what was wanted; he was the one that I shoved out of the room the night before. I tapped my chum, Tim Wilkinson, upon the shoulder, and asked him to go with me, and he arose, and we went out. "How much is this for?" said I. "For a quart," replied the sergeant. (The first one that received a clip in the face, would have to pay for a quart of rum.) I gave him the first clip, and thus wounded honor was appeased, and the satisfaction deemed complete, and he paid the liquor and all was settled; and to tell the truth I felt well pleased to get off so well, for he was a powerful man, and a superior boxer, and would have been likely to have laid me on the ground, if he had struck me.

Such scenes as these were very common with us whilst I was cater for the mess; and many were the skirmishes we had.

In the winter of 1850, I was sent with eighteen men and a corporal, to take charge of a magazine in Portland, St. Johns. Our quarters were in a wretched condition; the floors were all in pieces, and the snow sifted through the cracks in the side of the building, and to keep from freezing, we kept

full of rum, so that one-half of my men were drunk most of the time.

One night the wind blew severely, and the snow sifted through the cracks in the side of the house, and lay in drifts in our room, and as we had no fire, we passed the night wretchedly. The captain came to visit the guard, and I called him in and showed him the condition of our room, and he was astonished at the scene, and immediately sent some men and had it repaired, making it tolerably decent.

We had a room up stairs where we used to play cards, and many of the citizens used to come and play with the soldiers, bringing liquor with them, and they would sometimes get drunk, and quarrel with one another. One fellow who came there had lost both legs above the knees, and he used to get drunk every time he came. One night I went with him to his home, as he was so intoxicated that he could not go alone, and in returning to my quarters, the police stepped up to arrest me (thinking that I was a drunken soldier, as they had just arrested some) but I turned and made fight, knocking down the one that had seized me, and escaped to my barracks.

One of my soldiers, soon after my escape from the police, told me that he saw a soldier of Number

Two Company in a rum shop in citizen's dress, and that he intended to desert, and if I did not arrest and confine him, he would report me to the commanding officer. I went down to the shop where the soldier was, and went in and seized him; and told him that he was my prisoner in the Queen's name, and with some considerable difficulty dragged him into a back room, and then called upon the keeper to watch him whilst I went after some of my men. I soon got them, and then carried him to the main guard, where he was confined. I was ordered to stop at this magazine one month, and as the time had now expired, I returned to the barracks.

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE was in the company to which I belonged, a sergeant named Smith, who one night broke out of barracks, and on the same night, unknown to him, a private broke out. They met in a rum shop, and getting into difficulty, came to hard words. The sergeant left the shop, and the private followed, and overtaking him, they got to fighting, and as this was near the main guard, the sentry gave the alarm, and as I was on guard at the time, I ran to the place, and seizing the sergeant, separated them. The private, taking a bottle from his pocket, was in the act of striking me, when I gave him a blow which knocked him down. This sergeant had always favored me when I got into any scrapes, and he told me to bear in mind how he had always befriended me. I told him that I would get him out all right, and delivered the private into his hands, and told him to keep him, and

I would get some men and take him to the guard-room. I soon brought a file of men, and took the private, and carried him to the guard-room. The next day he was brought before the commanding officer. He said that the sergeant had also broken out of barracks. "We are not here to try sergeant Smith, but to try you," said the commanding officer; and he was ordered to be put into the cells for seven days.

Soon after this affair, the same sergeant, who was a good friend to me, was on guard, and I wished to go out of barracks, and he gave me a permit; but on returning in the morning, as I was climbing over the fence, to get into barracks, the sentry saw me, and as he was the same soldier that was out with the sergeant, and whom I had taken prisoner, he gave the alarm; but before the guard came out, I was in my room. Two sergeants came into my room, and finding me there, said that the sentry had reported me out of barracks. The next day I was brought before the commanding officer, and as the sentry bringing no proof against me, failed to make out his case, I ordered him to be confined for telling a falsehood, as I said, and he therefore got seven days more in the cells.

I was taken sick about this time, and was con-

fined to the hospital some three weeks, before I was able to be upon duty again. This sickness was owing in a great measure to the dissolute life that I led.

One night I wanted to go out of barracks, and the sergeant agreed not to inform against me, and I went out, but had not been gone long, before he reported that I had broken out of barracks. An escort was sent after me, and I was taken back a prisoner, and the next day brought before the commanding officer, who ordered that one of my badges be taken from my coat. I felt this more than I should if I had been cowhided, and I got a soldier to write to my "intended," and inform her of the circumstances. She wrote me an encouraging answer, but I could not bear to be thus disgraced, and I determined to take advantage of the first opportunity to make my escape. I got the young soldier to write to my "intended," informing her of my intention to escape from the army. The young soldier that wrote for me was one that I could trust — we were firm friends. I received an answer, advising me not to make the venture, as she would soon, if I wished it, purchase my discharge, but I would not think of such a thing. I had seen enough of the army, and when sober, how to escape was always uppermost in my thoughts.

I was encouraged by an incident that happened about this time; three men who deserted and went into the woods were surrounded there, or rather every place where the deserters wished to come out was guarded. After remaining there some six days, being nearly exhausted with hunger, they came out and gave themselves up to a kidnapper, as the soldiers termed him, (one who caught deserters and returned them to barracks). He gave them something to eat, and then secured them that night. The next morning he tied their hands together, and taking them into a wagon, started for the barracks. One of the prisoners got his hands loose as they were riding along, and untied the prisoners near him, and then knocked the driver, or kidnapper, off his seat into the road, while the other prisoner seized the reins. The kidnapper drew his pistols, but before he could use them, he was seized by two of the deserters and bound. They tied him to a tree, and gave him two dozen lashes with the whip, and then getting into the wagon, turned the horse's head, and rode into the States. They then got out of the wagon, and started the horse towards his home.

Some person liberated the kidnapper, and I was upon sentry when he came into the barracks and told his story, but he did not receive much conso-

lation from the soldiers, who only laughed at his misfortunes, and wished that he might get another whipping.

The next morning, Saturday, I went on guard, and stopped until twelve o'clock, M., and at four o'clock on Monday, the regiment was ordered to go on board a steamer for Halifax. On Monday, at twelve o'clock, M., I came off guard and went to dinner, and then I told Tim Wilkinson, my chum, that I intended to escape, and gave him the key to my chest and all my things, and told him to keep silent about it. In a short time the orderly came to inspect the dinner, and I knew that now was my best time, as all the men were at dinner, so I went out of my room into the yard. There was a high fence with iron spikes in the top, (the fence was eight feet high,) and springing up, I got hold with my hand and drew myself up and jumped over. Here I had to get over a wooden picket fence, which I did somewhat in a hurry, and hastened to see my "intended." I arrived at the house, and told her that I had left the barracks for good. The mother of the young lady (her father was dead) seemed much pleased with my endeavoring to make my escape, and I have no doubt but wished that I would get off so far that I would

never trouble her daughter again, and made me up a bundle of clothes and gave me a sovereign piece, and wished me good luck. I told her that I was afraid to go through the streets with a bundle in my hand, and asked her if she would not let her daughter go to Portland, about one and a half miles distant, and carry my bundle for me. After sometime, I prevailed on her to let her daughter carry it, and we started off, her daughter going some ten yards before me. We had gone but a short distance before she turned towards me, and said, "There's a picket of soldiers coming this way, and they are after you." They had been to Portland, St. Johns, but not finding me there, were returning. I looked up, and saw them on the top of a little hill, not more than fifty yards distant. "What will you do?" said my intended, "you will have to give yourself up."

"No," I said, "I will show them a trick."

There were two streets at my left, that ran nearly parallel, and led down to the sea side, which were about one hundred feet apart. I started to run down the one that was nearest me, and the picket of soldiers started down the other; seeing them go down the other street, I turned back, and came up with my "intended," and kept on for Portland. As I passed the street, I could not help

laughing aloud, at seeing them run down the street in pursuit of me.

I arrived at Portland without any trouble, and went to see a man that I knew would help me. I found him, and he told me that he would assist me in every way he could.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before I left Portland, I wanted to get married, and I had tried to get a license at the Register's office, but could not without the consent of my commanding officer. I went out, and fell in with two Irishmen, and asked them to go to the Register's office, and get a license in my name. They succeeded in getting it, and I hurried back to where I left my "intended," and with her I went to a Methodist clergyman and was married, and giving my marriage certificate to my newly made wife, I bade her adieu, and left for the man whom I had stopped with. I exchanged clothes, and gave him my military suit, and when it was dark, started off.

In the meantime, the regiment had started for Halifax, but had left a number of men, who with the police, were searching the country around for me.

Before going into the wood, I went into a Scotch-

man's house, and asked for something to eat. They would not give me anything, and I went on until I came to another house, where an Irishman lived, who gave me two potatoes and a piece of fish. I told him that I had just come from the house below. "Well, that fellow will inform against you," he said, knowing that I had escaped from the army, and taking out a gun. "Here," said he, "take this to defend yourself, and I will run the risk of your returning it." I took the gun, promising to return it if I lived, and thanking him, left the house, and went into the forest.

It was about 12 o'clock at night when I entered the woods, and although darkness covered the earth, it seemed all bright to me. I was now my own man, and felt like singing, but I had to keep silence here, knowing soldiers were stationed all around the forest. Having found a place to lie down, I slept well, and when I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. In my haste to make my escape, I never once thought of taking any provisions with me, but it was in the fall of the year, when berries were ripe, or else I must have perished, or given myself up. I found berries enough, and managed the first day to get a good living, and

made up my mind to stay in the woods as long as I could.

The second night I slept on the watch, knowing that not a man of the company would come near to take me in the day time, but fearing they might see and watch me until night came on, and after I was asleep, seize me. I had not much sleep, every noise I heard aroused me, and I would jump up, and present my gun at what I imagined was a person.

The second day I picked some more berries, but found that they did not satisfy my cravings. I had been used to liquor every day, and to be deprived of it now, was as bad to me as taking away my bread, and I hardly know which I missed the most. I wandered around all the first part of the day, and as the sun began to sink in the heavens, I thought I would try my luck and see if I could not get out safely. I had taken particular notice of the wood, and the lay of the land, so that I could find my way out, and taking my course, started to go back. I walked quite briskly for about half an hour, and began to think that it was time for me to get out of the forest; but I kept on some time. I had no idea that I had gone so far into

the wood, but after walking some distance further, I came where I could see the open fields.

I went along now cautiously, looking upon all sides, to see if any one was near; but not seeing any person, I went out into a field. Finding myself not far from the place where I entered the woods, I crossed the field, and went towards the road, and as I got near it, I saw two men coming in the road. If I should go back across the field, they would surely see me, so I laid down beside the fence, and as they came along, I heard one say, "He will be shrewd enough not to fall into their hands, I'll warrant you." "But," says the other, "how can he get out? the places are all guarded, and he cannot help being taken" —— and here I could not understand what was said.

Well, I thought to myself, my chance is a hard one, and getting up, I looked about me, and saw a wagon coming along the road. I must keep still at present, or I shall be taken. What a fool, I said to myself, am I for coming out here, in open day. I might have known better, if I had stopped to consider, than to leave the wood. I waited until the wagon had passed, and then thought I would make for the forest, but as I looked, another wagon was coming, and I was thus kept there until

night, when I returned to the forest, feeling thankful that it once more afforded me a secure retreat.

I managed to get some berries, which partially satisfied my craving for food, and having selected a place to rest, I broke off some twigs, and spreading them around, I laid down to sleep.

I staid in this wood just one week, when I made up my mind to get out, and go down where my wife lived and get something to eat, and run the risk of being taken, as I was almost starved.

I went out to the edge of the wood, and when it was dark, took a back route, and went down to "Lower Cave," and as I was going through the streets, I met two of the sergeants. They knew me the moment they saw me, and I started on a run, and went into my wife's uncle's house, at the back door, the sergeants after me. I ran out of the front door, down to where my wife lived, and went into the house, and got something to eat and a cup of tea to drink, and bidding my wife good bye, I hurried out of the house, telling her that I would see her again before long. I went down the street, (it being dark, and the soldiers after me,) upon all-fours, like a dog, until I came to the sea side, and keeping near the water's edge, walked along until I came to a high cliff. I swam around

the several cliffs that I came to, and traveled some over a mile, until I came to Marsh Bridge, and there I went past the guard, as I wished to see a couple of men that promised to help me escape by carrying me down the St. Johns river. I there saw two men, and they promised to come Tuesday morning, at three o'clock, and take me to the steamer "Maid of Erin," that was bound for the States.

I went into the wood and remained until Tuesday, at three o'clock in the morning, when the two men came, and I went with them to where the steamer was, and got put down in the coal hole. The two men told the helmsman, that if he informed against me, he had better not show himself in St. Johns again. I knew that before the steamer sailed a sergeant would come aboard, to see that there were no deserters secreted in her, so being acquainted with coal, I dug down, and covering myself with it, remained there until the sergeant had searched.

After the steamer had got under way, I was not so careful, but showed myself upon deck, and the ticket master coming along, wanted my fare, which was two dollars. Having but one dollar, I got the

helmsman to lend me another, and told him that my wife would pay him.

I intended to get out at Eastport, but as there was a severe storm, the boat could not land, and I went to Portland, Me. When the boat touched the wharf, I jumped out, and asked the captain, who was upon the deck, if I was on "Yankee land?" "Yes," says the captain, staring at me, as I jumped up and gave three cheers, "but are you Sergeant Ambler?" "That's my name," I said. The captain turned and went below.

Now I felt that I was free, and turning around, hardly knew what to do, I felt so happy; it had been so long since I had enjoyed freedom, that I was like a bird let out of a cage. I felt that I was in a new world; the great country that I had heard of from my youth up, and for which I had sighed when in the lonely hours of night I kept my sentry watch, or when beneath a scorching sun I marched many a weary mile, was now before me. This free country, of which so many songs were heard around the tap-room bar, as we would quaff the ale, and jovially pass the time away, I had now reached.

As I stood upon the wharf, what prospects seemed to be before me! Everything looked beautiful

to me, and I thought that at last I had reached a land where I could enjoy life. No more court martials to be tried before, no more shall I be brought before commanding officers, to answer to charges brought against me. And above all these, I thought, no more liquor to take away my reason, and make me incapable of performing the duties incumbent upon me. No more restraints upon my actions, and I can now live as I choose, and go where I wish. Had I been permitted to look into the future, I should have shuddered at the gloomy, wretched prospect before me, and should have turned with disgust back from the country that looked so beautiful, and returned to the army. How thankful should we be that the future, with its weal or woe, cannot be revealed to us.

I thought that I stood in the same position that the Pilgrim fathers did. They left their native land for this country, to free themselves from tyranny and oppression. But I thought again, that no friends welcomed them, and the bustle that greeted me they did not witness. They landed indeed in a strange land; the wild animal was lord there, and forest trees covered these shores. How great the change! Friends were here to welcome me.

I knew that there were several who had escaped from the army.

And as these thoughts came upon me, I could not but uncover my head, and pay a tribute of respect to the noble land that sheltered and defended so many of my countrymen. Only those who have passed through the scenes that I have, can realize the emotions that were stirred within me, as I stepped upon the land of freedom.

CHAPTER XIX.

I WENT up into the city, and as I came near the sugar house, I met a woman that knew me, and she said, "There is Sergeant Ambler coming." Her husband belonged to the artillery, and had a short time before made his escape from St. Johns.

She asked me into her house, and gave something to eat. With what eagerness I seized the food and devoured it, for I had been without so long, that I was nearly starved. When I went on board the steamboat, I had a small piece of bread, which I ate, and as that was all that I had eaten for three days, I now felt very hungry and weak.

I informed her that I had got away from the army at last, and that I supposed it was easier for her to get along here than it was in the other country, when she stood behind the tap-room bar—she used to sell liquor in St. Johns. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, that they do not sell rum here in this place."

She laughed, and said, "I guess that you'll find as much liquor as you will want here."

"Why," I said, "I thought there was a law here that forbids liquor selling. I have heard the people in St. Johns speak of it."

"You wait here a short time, and you can judge for yourself," she said.

I remained a short time there, and soon her husband came, who appeared very glad to see me, and after lighting our pipes, I told over my adventures that I had passed through in making my escape. He also related to me what success he had met with in the "Yankee land," as we designated the United States. I informed him of my marriage, and that my wife was in St. Johns, and that if I obtained work here, that I intended to send for her.

"Well, come Ambler," he said, "let me show you around a little," and he took me out into a back room, and pulled out a keg from under the bed, and drew off some liquor, and filling up a glass, presented it to me, which I drank. It had been so long since I had drank, that it created an

intolerable thirst for more, and before I was fully aware of it, I was intoxicated.

I stopped in that back room that night, and the next morning went to find work, and was successful in getting a chance on the railroad, shoveling gravel. I received one dollar per day, which I thought was great pay, and that I could live and drink like a hero, not taking into consideration that things were more than twice as high here as they were in England. I worked here, with nothing on my feet but a pair of slippers, in the water sometimes knee deep, but my "boss," taking pity upon me, gave me a nice pair of thick boots. I worked here about three weeks before I settled, and found that a good part of what money I received, would have to go to pay for the liquor that I drank, as I took it regularly, night and morning, and I found that it was sold some higher here per glass.

While I was working here, I got a letter written to my wife, telling her that I had obtained work, and that I should like for her to come here.

My wife's father lived at D——, and owned a fine farm there. He was a ship-builder, and transacted considerable business, but he died in the midst of it, and thus left many unsettled accounts,

and as there was no one to look out for the property, it was soon reduced, and the fine farm had to be sold.

The family then moved to St. Johns, and as they went in the first society, and lived in good style, they had to keep up appearances, which they did, by selling piece after piece of their furniture, as it could be spared. When I first became acquainted with my wife, they were somewhat reduced in circumstances.

My wife was not aware that I was such a drinking man as I was; for if she had been aware of it, she would never have come to Portland to live with me. I had always kept pretty sober when I was going to see her; and if, when under the influence of liquor, I met her upon the street, I would keep as distant as possible, and take the first opportunity to absent myself; and although she was told by others, she could not believe that I was as bad as they represented me. I soon received a letter, telling me that my wife would come in the boat such a day. I was at the wharf on the arrival of the boat, and met my wife, and we went to the place that I had stopped, and remained there that night; but as they could not accommodate us, I went to look for a tenement, as my wife had

brought some furniture with her. I did not succeed very well, but obtained an attic, into which we moved; it was a miserable place. We could see through the roof, and could tell very quickly when it rained. I did not like my situation on the railroad, and I therefore went to the gas-works, and obtained a situation in the purifying house, where I received the same pay. Soon after I obtained this situation, I moved into a tenement in the house of my employer, named Barker, who took quite an interest in me, and did many favors for me, which I never shall forget.

In a short time I moved again into the upper part of the city, into an old house, and while there my wife was taken sick and confined to her bed. During her sickness I still had to work, thus leaving her alone until I returned from my labor. She was very sick, and while thus she made me promise that I would leave off drinking. She was sick a short time, and then she began to recover, and as soon as she got about, I forgot my promise, and drank the same as ever. The house that we lived in was so cold that we could not keep ourselves comfortable, and I therefore got a tenement down by the sugar house; and soon after I moved, my wife's mother came to visit us.

It was now near the spring election, and in the shop where I obtained my liquor, all of the talk was upon that subject; and we were told that if such a man was elected, that we should get no liquor, and that if we were suspected of keeping any at our houses, that we were liable to have our homes searched. I wished, from the bottom of my heart (as all poor drunkards do) that all strong drinks were out of the way; but then the rumseller told us that assembled there, that our rights were assailed; and as I was a great stickler for rights, of course my indignation was aroused, and with the rest I loudly asserted that I would never submit to have my home searched. This was a constant theme for some time before the election, and although I was not a voter, I felt as much interest in the result as any one. The day of the election came, and I was treated, as about all were, to plenty of rum; and we were told that at night they—that is, the rummies, were going to give Neal Dow* a serenade. I was in for it, with the rest of them, as I was intoxicated, and at night I was amongst the gang of ruffians, as I look upon them now, and went with them to his residence. There

* I have had, since that time, the pleasure of asking the gentleman's pardon.

we commenced our unearthly strains, and made the air resound with our noise, and night hideous. No notice was taken of our demoniac exhibitions, and at last we left disgusted, or I was, with the evening's entertainment.

I drank so hard that my wife's mother could not put up with it, and she got me to go with her to New York, where she had a son. When I arrived there, her son showed me around the city and the suburbs; but as they lived in good style, and as I was not used to it, I did not feel at home; so the next morning, before they were up, I started off, and went to an island near, where there was a regiment of soldiers, and saw many there that I knew. They wanted me to go with them to California, as that was the place they were ordered to; but I would not go, and I soon left the island. I since learned that every man of the regiment was lost on their passage. I took the steamboat for Boston, and arriving there, I went into the fort, and with some other soldiers got intoxicated, and hardly know myself where I did pass the time; but I stopped there three days, and then took the boat for Portland, and when I arrived there, I had not a cent in my pocket. The 4th of July, 1852, I was living in Portland, and the morning after the 4th, having nothing in the house to eat, I started out, and

in going up the street I found twenty-five cents, and I had gone but a short distance further before I picked up twenty-five cents more. With this money I went into a provision store, and bought me some beef, and carried it home. I obtained a chance to work in the foundry, and whilst in there, I used to drink hard, and neglect home. About this time an incident happened that came near depriving me of my liberty that I prized so dear. I was going to the Depot one day, when a soldier met me that had escaped from the same regiment that I did, and he said, "Sergeant Ambler, your old captain has just gone aboard the Admiral."

"Well," I said, I will go down and see him."

"If you do, you will be taken," said the deserter, "for he is after ——, and a number of others that have escaped."

"I will risk his taking me, and I am going down to see him," I said, and starting off, I went down to the wharf, and went on board the steamer; but not seeing the captain on deck, I went down into the cabin, and there I saw him. The moment he saw me, he said, "Ah! Sergeant Ambler, how do you do?"

I took off my hat, as I was accustomed to do in the army, and saluted him, and said that I was pretty well; and looking towards him at the same

time, I noticed his wife in the state-room, and being acquainted with her, I went in and spoke to her; and as I turned to come out, I found the door fast. I put my shoulder against it and broke it open, and as I stepped out into the cabin, the captain said, "You are my prisoner." Paying no attention to his words, I hurried out of the cabin and jumped upon the wharf, and then I turned to my former captain that had followed me, and said, "Good bye, Captain, I will meet you again," and then turned to go home. The excitement had taken my strength almost all away. Arriving home, I found my wife almost crazy, as some one had told her that I was taken a prisoner, and was carried off in the Admiral; but my presence put an end to her grief, and I felt pleased in getting away so easily.

CHAPTER XX.

I DID not feel quite at home in Portland after my adventure with the captain, and one day I was going towards the depot, when I saw a loom. I was somewhat surprised, as I had not seen one since I left England, and inquired of a man where it was going. He informed me that it was going to the mills in Saco, Me. I went home to my wife with an idea in my head, and telling her that I meant to follow that loom, I found her perfectly willing.

The next day I settled in the foundry, and took the cars for Saco, and arriving there, went down to the mills, but they would not let me go in; so I went over to Biddeford, on the other side of the river, and went into the Pepperell counting room, and got a permit. I went into the weave room, and met a fellow countrymen, and asked him for work. "What can thee do, lad?" he asked in the

Yorkshire tone. I replied in the same tone, that I wanted to learn to weave, and that I used to weave when in England. He said that he would take me, and the next morning I went in and commenced work. I was placed in charge of a man to learn me to weave, but when I had worked two hours, he went to the overseer, and asked him what he meant in fooling him, for the fellow, he said, can weave as well as I can. The overseer then came, and put me upon two looms, and the next day I commenced to work upon four, and earned one dollar a day.

I worked about three weeks, and then I went after my wife. I moved my furniture to Biddeford, and not getting me a tenement, I boarded out on Alfred Street. I went back into the mill, and soon run eight looms a day, having a small girl to shuttle "cops" for me.

I took my wife into the room where I worked, and learned her to weave, and we both used to make about sixty dollars a month. I paid thirteen dollars and fifty cents per month for my board, and of the balance of my money, I am sorry to say, the most of it went for liquor. I did not get drunk, but I could take quite a number of glasses a day, which at the end of the month, would make quite

a bill. I had drunk much liquor in my life, but the "Yankee liquor" did not agree with me as well as that which I got in the British dominions, and I was taken sick, and went up into the country, out of the way of liquor, and soon recovered. When I returned, I went into the mill again, and kept pretty steady, and in a month we had saved up fifty dollars. I felt pretty well pleased, and began to think about going to house-keeping; so I moved to Sullivan Street, and as soon as I had got settled, my wife's mother came from New York, to visit us. I felt the importance of making every thing tell, and invested a part of my funds in a couple of pigs, and fixing up a place for them, I put them into their new quarters. I felt well pleased with my pigs, as they were the first animals I ever owned, and took real comfort in looking over at them.

All went smoothly for about a week, when a small boy came into the mill, and reported to me that my pigs had broken out of barracks, and that my wife's mother, with an escort of boys, was after the deserters, but had not succeeding in arresting them. I went to the overseer, and asked him to let me go out and find my pigs, but he would not. I remained in the mill as long as I could; I seemed to see my pigs running before me as I went about

my work, and feeling that necessity demanded it, I went out to find them. I went to my house, but my pigs were not there. I then started and went back upon the heights, and met my wife's mother with her escort, returning in triumph with the prisoners, in a bushel basket. I carried my pigs home, and secured them in the pen, and then returned to the mill, to my work, informing the workmen that I had been successful; but they made fun of my pigs, and my wife laughed at me.

Those two pigs were the instruments in bringing considerable trouble upon me. My overseer proposed that I should stand treat, as I had found my pigs, and I could not well refuse. We went out, and I treated him, but as soon as I had the first glass I wanted another, and thus I went on, until I got intoxicated. I stopped out of the mill a week, and spent all the money that I had, and then my glasses that I ran in debt for, were chalked down upon the door. The man's name that kept the shop was Swindle, (a name very appropriate to his business), and he had chalked down to me, besides what I had spent, three dollars, and to get his pay, he wanted me to sell my pigs. I took my pigs one morning, after I had got partially over my spree, one under each arm, and started off to find a cus-

tomer. I found one on Alfred Street, and disposed of both of them, and meeting some persons that I knew, I invited them into Swindle's, and before I left, we had drank my pigs all up. I got quite intoxicated while in the shop, and had some light skirmishing. One young man I thought had insulted me, and I watched an opportunity to chastise him, but did not get a chance when in the shop. When he went out, I followed, and overtaking him upon Adams Street, I commenced to box him, when escaping from me, he seized a large stone and threw it at me, but fortunately it did not strike me. He then started on a run, and I followed, but not making much progress in running, he escaped.

I went back to the shop, and after getting a few more glasses, I started for home. I succeeded in getting as far as Alfred Street, but even in that short distance, a number of persons ran against me, and once I got against the broadside of a building, and it seemed to whirl around so that it was with the utmost difficulty I made my way along; and the last I remember for the night, I was by the side of the road, trying to find my hat in the gutter. Early in the morning I came to myself, and found that I was in the mud. I crawled out, looking rather sheepish, and made my way towards home. I soon became sobered, and felt

very bad that I had spent my money, and thus made a beast of myself; and I went back to work, with the determination to keep steady, that is, only to take my regular dram. I thought that I could not get along without that, as I had a great portion of my life been accustomed to it.

I had been at work pretty steadily for three months, when my overseer asked me one day if I should not like to go out and take a drop. As I could never resist an invitation, I went out with him and his brother into a liquor shop, where the overseer treated us, and I followed. We drank quite a number of glasses, and going over into Saco, we drank more there; and, to finish our day's recreation, the overseer proposed that we should go up by the rail road bridge, and have a swing. We went up by the side of the river, and while there, the overseer laid down upon the bank, and fell asleep. His brother proposed, as he had only treated once, to rob him, and to treat ourselves, to which I readily assented. We searched his pockets, but found no money there; but I knew that he had money about him, and I was not disheartened yet, and pulling off his boots, I found in his stockings forty-one dollars. When his brother saw it, he said, "Now we will have a spree, let us

go over to Saco again." "I am ready," I said, and starting off, we went over, leaving the overseer asleep upon the ground.

When we arrived at Saco, we went into a shop, and we called for some liquor and drank it, and I paid for it with my own money, as I had some left. My companion wanted me to break into the money, but as I had some left of my own, I would not. We soon went over to Biddeford, and I gave the money to my wife, telling her at the same time where I obtained it. The next morning, when I went into the mill, the overseer, the moment he saw me, became very much excited, and with harsh language asked me where his money was. "I have not your money," I replied. He soon left me, but my wife came in soon, and going over where he was, gave him the money, and told the circumstances about it. He felt so well pleased that he went out and brought in a bottle of brandy and treated us, unknown to my wife.

I was in the habit of going with a scout into the woods every Sunday, to learn them the military drill, and to go through the sword exercise, and thus pass God's day. We often ended in a regular drunken skirmish, and returned home carrying the marks of war upon us.

CHAPTER XXI.

As I went to and from my work, I noticed a pretty and very polite little fellow that kept a saloon in Dudley's block. When I met him, he would most of the time have a covered basket, and many were the conjectures that were made in regard as to what he carried in that basket. I thought one day that I would go into his shop, and see if he kept anything to drink. I therefore went in and asked him for a glass of ale, which he gave me, and I thought that it tasted much better than that which I obtained at other places. I followed getting my beer regularly here for some time, and was treated so politely by the keeper of the shop that I could not help thinking how foolish I had been in getting my liquor at the low holes, as I thought they were, that I had been accustomed to. In a room in the back part of the shop was a domino table, around which quite a number of young men would be

seated every night. I used to be called quite a skillful player when I was in the army, and the table attracted my attention, and I soon commenced to play there, and used to win tickets which I would spend for beer. One evening, while playing there, I noticed a teamster coming into the shop, and he made some motions, upon which the keeper reached under the counter (I had my eye upon him) and taking a cover from a butter-firkin, pulled out a decanter, out of which he turned a glass of liquor, and handed to the teamster, who drank it down in a hurry. I soon finished the game, and arose and asked the keeper for a glass of that article that he kept under the counter.

"Won't you say anything about it?" he asked.

"Of course not," I replied.

The keeper then turned out a stiff glass, and telling me to drink quick, I eagerly seized it, and drank it instantly. I never drank such liquor before; I thought that it would truly burn me up, and in my eagerness to get some water, I kicked over the domino table, and made considerable confusion before I succeeded.

"What kind of liquor do you call that?" I asked.

"Why, that is the fourth-proof brandy, and the very best that can be obtained," he replied.

"We never have such liquor as that in the old country," I said.

"Ah! you get cheated there; they don't care what they sell to a man, and they probably water it considerably before selling, but we don't treat our customers so."

I felt quite satisfied with the reasons that he had given me, and thought that I had found a place where I could get good liquor.

There was one young man who visited that place, a free-hearted and pleasant fellow, that did not spend his tickets for liquor, (that he won by playing dominoes,) but for custards. The keeper of the saloon, when settlement was near in the ship-yard, would bake up some two or three dozens of custards expressly for this young man, who always came in as soon as settlement, and commence at one end of the custard board, and "sweep all before him." And it was a common saying among the frequenters of the saloon, when it was near settlement, to say that it was about "custard time." I continued to get my liquor at this place, and of course I got it on "tick," which I would square up every settlement, paying from five to ten dollars for liquor per month.

One night, while in this saloon, I took quite a

number of glasses, and when he shut his shop up, I heard the sound of a fiddle behind it in a small house. Having some pork, and beans, and herring, for my Sunday dinner, as this was Saturday night, I buried them in the snow, and then went up to the house and went in. I was acquainted with a number, and joined in the dance with them. After having danced a short time, a woman asked me if I was not going to treat, upon which I ordered a quart, which was brought and drank; and after drinking I said something that enraged some of them, and they seized hold of me to put me out of the house. I knocked down quite a number, but they overpowered me, and put me out, minus my hat and part of my coat. I felt that I was an injured man, and I started upon a run for the watchman, at the covered bridge, but as I went running towards him bare-headed, without my hat, he took to his heels and ran with all his might, and finding that I could get no help, I determined to venture into the house again. I went in, and found that they had broken the fiddle, and were abusing the fiddler. I took his part, but being the weaker party, we were roughly handled, and put out of the house into the street. I went and found my provisions that I had secreted in the snow, and having found my hat, I started towards home with my com-

panion, who made a grab at my herrings, taking a number of them. I told him that if he was not peaceable that I should box him; but he paid no attention to it, but made another levy upon my herrings. This somewhat aroused me, when I began to box him, giving him a pretty severe whipping, but lost some of my provisions. I went home in somewhat a dilapidated condition, and I have found ever since that "those that dance must pay the fiddler." One night I was in the "Yankee Saloon," as the English termed it; and as he did not have much liquor, I went into an Irish house, and there I met an Englishman, and we drank together, and in the course of the evening we got to quarrelling, and he challenged me to fight him. At that time I was ready for a challenge, and we went out in the street; the snow was some two feet deep, and we fought some two hours. We both found ourselves in a sorry plight at the close of our long contested conflict. I remember going home feeling rather ashamed. I tried to keep steady again, and succeeded in doing so about one month, and saved up a little money, and with it I bought me a watch, the first one I ever owned. Soon after I bought my watch, I thought I would show myself in the saloon kept by the polite fellow in Dudley's block. I had not been in there for

some time before, and when I entered the keeper remarked, "What a stranger you are!" "Yes, I am somewhat a stranger," I replied. "Come and take a glass, will you?" he asked. "I never refuse," I replied, going up to the counter, and drinking the liquor that he set before me.

I drank quite a number of glasses that evening, and traded watches a number of times, and made something in trading. I followed up trading watches, and made some forty dollars, which I soon spent on a spree, and sold the watch that I had left for five dollars, which I spent for drink. After I recovered from my spree, I again said that I would keep steady, and I kept so for some six weeks, and then one morning I was told that I was a father; and as it was the custom in the old country to take a drop, and as I felt happy, I went to the saloon and obtained me a glass, and then another, and became quite intoxicated, and remained so for some three weeks. When I came to myself, I told my wife that it would not answer for me to stop in Biddeford, and asked her one night to make me up a bundle of clothes, and then I would leave Biddeford, and try and find some place where I could work without getting drunk. My wife picked my things up, and one morning, bidding her good bye,

I started off. I went up on the heights, and then turned around, and looked back to the house. I felt bad to leave my wife, and thought to myself that if liquor was out of the way, how happy I could live, and what comfort and pleasure I could take in life. I thought some of returning, "but it's no use," I said to myself, "if I stop here, I shall die," and turning my back towards my home, I walked away. I continued my way until I came opposite the rum shop kept by Swindle, and I thought, that as I was about leaving town, I would go in and bid my friend good bye. I entered his shop, and told him where I was going.

"Well, take a glass before you go," he said, taking down a decanter. "I don't care if I do," I replied; and drinking it down, I was upon the point of leaving, when an acquaintance of mine proffered me another glass, which I drank. I did not intend to get intoxicated, but was bent upon getting out of Biddeford. I therefore bade the keeper good day, and went up to the depot, and went into the ticket office, and producing a two dollar bill, I asked the man to give me a ticket to carry me as far as they could for the money. "Do you wish to go down?" he asked. "No, sir," I replied, "I have been going down for some time, and

I want to go up now." He gave me a ticket, with some change, for Newburyport. I waited some time for the cars, and when they came I went aboard, and got out at Newburyport. I was in rather a poor condition; I looked as if I had been dropped from the bag that is generally carried on behind a tin-man's cart.

I went down to the mills, and succeeded in getting a situation in the Ocean Mills, and my employer obtained a boarding place for me. I went to work the next morning, and kept pretty steady for about a month. At the end of the month I wrote to my wife, (I had learned to write, so that with some labor she could decipher it,) and sent her the balance of the money that I had left after paying my board. I owed a small grocery bill in Biddeford, and as my wife was about to move, the furniture was attached; but my wife's mother paid the bill, and she moved to Newburyport, where I was. I met her at the depot, and as I had a tenement ready to move into, we soon got settled in our new quarters, and my wife felt well pleased with the change. I told her that I had not drank since I left Biddeford. I kept steady for a short time after my wife and her mother came; but one evening, as I was in the store where I obtained my

provisions, I saw the keeper hand a man a small flask, and immediately my old appetite was aroused, and I went home and procured a small bottle, and returning to the store, I had it filled with brandy, and put down in my store book as groceries. I had gone but a short distance, before I drank the whole of it. I went to the house, and went to bed, without my wife's knowing that I had been drinking. The bottle I would get filled regularly every other night; but my wife soon began to mistrust me, and when the month was out, and she saw the bill that we owed for groceries, she was astonished. But I told her that grocery bills would tell up fast, and that I expected our bill would be somewhere about that amount. But she was not satisfied, and said that if I would leave off trading at that place, she would go into the mill to work. I left that place, and found another, and my wife went to work, leaving the child to the care of her mother. I am surprised, as I look back upon my past career, to see what a life I led; but I know that the bad, as well as the good, must go together in making up these pages, and that I should fail to give my life, unless I told the scenes that I have passed through, although I often blush to think of them.

CHAPTER XXII.

At the place where I now obtained my groceries, I found that there was more liquor sold than at the old place, and in a short time I drank as hard as ever. I made the acquaintance of some Englishmen who were great drinkers, and we used to have some merry times together, and as I was a pretty good singer, these fellows would get me to go out evenings and sing, and then treat me to liquor. We used to frequent a certain rum shop, and play cards until morning, and then I would go home and get a little sleep, and then go to my work at the usual time; this I followed up for some weeks. The Sabbath day I would join a scout of fellows who went off to play cards. I would not play, but would keep watch while the others did.

One Sunday I went down to a liquor shop, and the keeper told me that there was a smart fencer in the place, and that he had challenged me to fight with the sticks, saying that the one who received

the first blow should pay for a pint of gin. I accepted the challenge, and the man was brought in, and I was introduced to him. We went into a large cellar, and finding a couple of broom handles, we commenced in good earnest. I soon found that I had a hard one to deal with, and I brought out all the skill that I was master of; and at last, by a dexterous movement, I struck his arm, knocking the stick instantly from his hand. The keeper of this shop was out of liquor, but he said that he could get some at the shop that supplied him; and taking a jug, he started off, and soon returned with some gin, as he said, and tasting of it, he pronounced it good liquor. Turning out three glasses, he mixed them up, and then passed them to us, and we all three drank a glass. I thought that the first glass that I drank at the "Yankee Saloon," at Biddeford, was strong, but it was nothing compared with this. It was something like taking down live coals, and I fairly yelled with pain, while the other two rolled upon the floor. I said to the keeper that it was the hottest stuff that I ever took into my throat. I hardly knew what to do; the keeper took to his bed, and as I could not rest, I went out of the shop towards home. As I was going along on the street, I thought I should burn up. I told my wife that I had drank some

gin down to F's., and that I thought he had made a mistake, and given me fluid. I could not rest at home, and I therefore went down to the rum shop again, and found him in as bad, if not in a worse condition than I was. We sent to the place where the gin came from, and found out that the man had made a mistake, and sent us fluid. I took an oath that if I got out of this scrape, I would never drink again. I went to work, and kept steady for a short time, and at settlement, when I went to pay my bill at the grocery store, the keeper wanted to know what the trouble was, that my bill was so small. I told him that I was going to be a temperate man. The next day I went after some groceries, and as he had just taken in a fresh supply of liquor, the keeper said, "Now, Ambler, we have got some of the best of English cogniac, and I want you to come in and take a glass." He knew that if he could get me to take one glass, that I should want another. I looked at the door where he used to chalk the glasses down against me, and the last time that I was in there, the two panels of the door were covered with chalk marks, but now they were all rubbed out; they were all settled. I was pondering what to do, when the voice of the keeper aroused me. "Come," he said, "I'm bound to treat you at my expense." I drank the liquor, and

soon the chalk marks began to make their appearance upon the door again. I went that night with my old associates, and we had a drinking party.

The next day I staid out of the mill, and in company with six others, went on a "spree." At night we went into an Englishman's house, and drank and sung, and at last got to fighting, and broke the furniture, and did some other damage before we left. I started to go home, and it was raining very hard, and as I went past a saloon, I heard a cry for help. I rushed in, and saw a colored man with a wound on his head, occasioned by a drunken sailor's throwing an oyster plate at him. When I entered, the colored man was in the act of seizing the sailor, but quite a number of his companions interposed. I always joined the weakest party, and I therefore immediately seized the sailor, and sung out for the police, who soon came in; and I helped him carry the drunken sailor to the watch-house. His companions started after me, being angry, as soon as the police left, and I ran down into a lumber yard, near the water. They searched sometime for me, and one man took hold of the stick of lumber that I was behind, but as it was quite dark, he did not see me. They soon left, and I came out of my hiding place, feeling very uncomfortable, as I was wet through. As

I went towards my home, I passed by the house where my grocery man lived, and as I was wet through, I thought I would get a glass of gin, and going up the steps before the door, I stepped upon a verandah, and as I could hardly see, I walked off from it, and fell some twelve feet, and struck on my head upon the ground. I was senseless for some time, and when I came to myself, the rain was beating in my face. I got up, but I felt dreadfully. I was wounded badly, I knew, for I could hardly walk. I did not know where I was, but going up to a house, I asked where Russia Street was. I was told that it was the next street above, pointing in the direction for me to take. I went up to the next street, and entering it, I came to a house that looked like the one that I lived in, and I went up and knocked, and my wife came to the door, but as the wind blew, she shaded the lamp so that I could not see her face, and I asked, "Does Mr. Ambler live here?" She was frightened, thinking that I was indeed out of my head, and when I went in she almost fainted, as my face was bruised badly. She thought at first that it was done in a drunken row, but I told her that I had had a fall that occasioned it. In a few days I had recovered so that I was enabled to go to my work.

I told my wife, soon after, that I wanted to move,

as I never had any luck in the house. I found my wife liked the proposal, and I immediately went before breakfast and obtained a tenement, and borrowing a wheelbarrow, I moved all our things to my new quarters upon it, as the tenement was but a short distance off. I went to work again in the mill, and kept pretty steady at my work, only taking my glass regularly every morning; and strange to say, these regular glasses did not make me have an appetite for more, as it did if I took a glass at other times. My grocery bill was so large at the end of the month that we could make just money enough to pay it.

One afternoon, as I was out of the mill, I went into the store and got some liquor. It made my head dizzy, and I went home and laid down upon the bed. My wife, knowing what the trouble was, and thinking it was high time to stop my drinking, went down to the grocery store, and told the keeper that if he sold me another glass of liquor she would inform against him. She returned to the house, and soon after I arose, feeling rather disagreeably, and took a small flask and went down to the store, and asked the keeper to fill it.

"I can't sell you any more liquor," he said, "for your wife has been here, and forbidden it."

I was enraged upon hearing this, and swore that I was under no woman's thumb, and that I would learn her better than to meddle with my business. "I'll tell you what I can do," said the keeper; "she forbade my selling you a glass of liquor; I will sell you a pint, and can charge it upon the store book as pork, and your wife need not know any thing about it." As pork was ninepence per pound, my pint of brandy would be equal to two pounds of pork. I thought it was an excellent way to get over the difficulty; but I am sure I should never have thought of this way if the rumseller had not proposed it. It probably was not a new method to him. I obtained the brandy, and upon my book it was put down, "two pounds of pork, at twelve and a half cents per pound, twenty-five cents." I went home feeling somewhat displeased with my wife; but as I had a pint of liquor with me, I came to the conclusion not to say as much as I intended to in the outset. I arrived at home, and going into the house, I said, "Well, wife, things have come to a pretty pass, that I am not allowed to take a glass of liquor."

"I have stood your drinking as long as I intend to; and you have made our home unhappy long enough, and now I intend to see if I can't stop it," she said. We had quite a talk, and I thought as soon as

I drank the pint of liquor that I had in my pocket, I would not drink any more. I soon left the room, and went down in the cellar, and drank my liquor; and then, hiding the bottle, I went up-stairs, and told my wife that I should not go out that evening. My wife felt well pleased with my determination, and I felt well repaid in staying at home. It was the first evening that I had spent at home for some time; and, although I felt happy, yet I missed my companions, and I have no doubt but that I was missed in the den where I was accustomed to spend my leisure time. I had no idea that my habits had such a hold upon me, and it was indeed not without a struggle that I stopped at home that evening. Oh! how I wished that I could break the chain that bound me, for I felt that I was in bondage; but I could not subdue the appetite that was leading me, step by step, down to a drunkard's grave. "Where will this end?" I asked myself, as I looked back upon the downward road that I had traveled. I did not ask the help of God. I did not come to Him who is able to save the poor drunkard, and ask for that grace and that assistance that He alone can give; but I made resolutions in my own strength, and endeavored, without Divine assistance, to break off my evil habits.

I kept pretty steady at my work a short time;

but, as it was coming cold weather, the evenings grew longer, and as I did not like to spend long evenings at home, I sought my old companions in the rum shops. I had only got *pork* twice at my grocer's; but my bill was so large that I could not pay it at the end of the month, and as it was now settlement, the keeper of the store said he wanted me to square up, as he intended to close up business. I told him that I did not have money enough to settle my rum and grocery bill, but that I would pay for my groceries, and that he might take a dining set that I had to his store, and sell it, and take his pay. Soon after I left my crockery ware at the shop he failed, and meeting me one day on the street, he said:

"Ambler, you owe me five dollars, and I want it."

"But," said I, "the set of ware will more than pay your bill."

"I did not realize enough out of it to pay my bill by five dollars," he said.

I knew that the rumseller was hard upon me, as my ware was worth five dollars more than his bill, but I told him that I would pay him as soon as I obtained some money.

As the store where I obtained my groceries was closed up, I asked my overseer to direct me to one

where no liquor was kept. He directed me to a respectable place, where I could not obtain liquor. I was invited one evening down to F——'s, who kept a liquor hole, and as I neared the place I heard the sound of a fiddle, and I thought that the company were having quite a merry time. I went in, and the keeper treated me to a drink, and I soon had taken quite a number of glasses, and felt pretty well. There was a large, stout-built man there, and he was bragging of his exploits; we did not agree very well, and we soon got to fighting, and made such a disturbance that the others there called for the police, and I had to take my leave, or get into the watch-house. I chose the former, and in going down over the stairs I was seized, but breaking away, I started on a run for home, which I soon reached. I fastened my door, expecting that some one would be after me, as I knew that my opponent had got a pretty severe whipping; but no one came, and I went to bed. I used to have many drunken sprees with F——, and many were the quarrels that I have had in his rum shop; but I will forbear relating many incidents of my life, that happened about this time, as I am well aware that the pages of this work will be swelled out to a greater length than will be profitable to the subject of the narrative, or the reader.

After working in the Ocean Mill a number of months, I went and obtained work in another one, and also moved about the same time into a room that I obtained about one mile from my work. Soon after I moved, I went on a "spree" with a number of other men, and one of them, I remember, was as good and as free-hearted a fellow as I ever saw, and would always help me when I got into difficulty; and although he led a miserable life, he gave me good advice, which, if I had followed, would have saved me from many troubles and difficulties that I have undergone. We all agreed to leave the place, and go to Biddeford.

When I went home I told my wife that I intended to leave, and the next morning I left, leaving in the house only a peck of potatoes for my wife (my wife's mother had gone to St. John's) to eat. I arrived at Biddeford, and went into the weave-room, upon the Pepperell Corporation, and saw the overseer, and obtained a situation to work. I worked in the mills two or three days, when two of the men that agreed to come to Biddeford, came into the mill where I was working, and one of them was so exhausted, having been without food for some time, and walked from Newburyport, that he fainted in the room, and had to be carried out.

I obtained some work for the two men. As soon as I received some money, I sent it to my wife, who immediately came to Biddeford, leaving her little furniture behind. I drank so hard now, while in Biddeford, that my wife could not put up with it, and she told me that she was determined to leave; and as I could not persuade her to stay, I left my work, and went to Portland with her, and to the wharf where she took the steamboat for St. John's.

I stood again upon the same wharf that I had stood upon about four years before, but under what different circumstances! I thought that I had escaped to a land of freedom, but I found that I had only got myself into a worse condition than I was in when in the army; for there I was under a discipline that restrained me to a considerable extent, but here I did as I wished, and I thought how fast I had gone down hill the past four years. But the boat was about leaving, and bidding my wife good bye, and kissing my child, I jumped upon the wharf. Oh! that it should come to this, that my wife should have to leave me, because I was such a brute that she could not live with me. I never had abused her, never struck her; I felt glad that I could say that much, but again I thought that

there was much that I could not say. I had not provided for her as I should, and by my conduct had carried her through misery and degradation. These thoughts came upon me as I watched the boat, as she was fast disappearing from my view; and, wiping away the tears, I went up into the city, and as I had no money, I sold some clothes, and got enough to carry me to Biddeford again.

When I arrived at Biddeford, I felt somewhat ashamed to go into the weave-room, and I went over into Saco, and got a situation upon the York, but meeting some boon companions, I went upon a "spree," and lost my chance. When I got sober I determined to leave Biddeford, and selling some extra clothes that I had, obtained money enough to carry me to Newburyport. When I arrived at Newburyport, I went to the place where my furniture was, and found that it was all safe, and then I tried to get a chance to work in the mill, but was not successful. I now began to lead a worse life than ever, and shortly after I came back, got into a drunken row in the house of an Englishman, and had to run for my life. As I had no boarding house, I walked the streets two nights and three days without sleep or food of any kind. The next night I went to the friend that I have referred to before, who had helped me out of difficulties many

times, and he gave me half a dollar, which I spent for something to eat and a lodging for the night. The next day I tried again to get work in the mill, and was successful.

I was now boarding with a man named T——, who kept a man and his wife beside myself. The man that boarded with me was a great drinker, and would oftentimes come home intoxicated. He came home one evening quite intoxicated; he was jealous of his wife, and had oftentimes threatened her life, and she was always afraid of him when he was intoxicated. She followed him to the chamber where he went into his bed-room, and she there heard him handling his razor and strop, and talking about taking life. She hurried down stairs, to the keeper of the house, who was an old man, and informed him that she was suspicious that her husband meant to take her life. The boarding master came and told me that I must take care of the fellow, and I took the tongs, and stationed myself beside the door that he would pass through as he came down stairs. I soon heard him coming down, and as he reached the door, he saw me prepared to meet him, upon which he halted. I saw the razor in his hand, and I said:

"Bill, what are you going to do? If you do not

instantly put aside that razor I will knock you down." Seeing that I was determined to be as good as my word, he put the razor down upon the table, saying, "We have always got along well, and I don't wish to have any quarrel with you."

"Well then," I said, "if you do not wish to have a quarrel with me, you must go up to your bed-room and stay there."

He went up to his room, and did not show himself until morning, when he left the place, without taking his wife.

I soon commenced drinking again as bad as ever, and one Sunday a number of us assembled in a drinking house, and I fell in with a fighting character, and as I was known to box a little, I was matched against him for a pint of brandy. The one that got the first clip would have to pay for the drink. We stood up, and commenced to strike and parry, and I soon gave him a light blow in the face. I let my hands fall down by my side as soon as I gave the blow, and my opponent taking advantage of my exposed condition, struck me a pretty severe blow, knocking me down in the corner of the room. I was upon my feet in an instant, and before the company could arrest me, I gave him a blow that threw him against the wall. Here the

company separated us, and the fellow apologized, and paid for the liquor.

After we drank the liquor, I started to go home, and as the people were just coming from church, I felt rather ashamed to be seen in the condition that I was in, and I ran down upon a wharf that was near, and as this was in the winter, jumped upon the ice. It was in small cakes, and I sank into the water. I arose, but could not get out, as I was entirely surrounded by small cakes of ice that would not support me. I cried out for help, and F——, that kept the rum shop, with another man, came to my rescue. They pulled me out with some difficulty, and after recovering some, they invited me to go and have a drink, but I would not, and went home, looking, as the saying is, "like a drowned rat."

A short time after, a few of us met in F——'s rum shop, and for sport, one said that he could tell our fortunes by the bumps on our heads, and putting his hands upon the young man's head, said "You will live many years, if you do not make way with yourself."

The young fellow said, "I intend to live long enough to pay my debts, and then I shall take my life."

This answer, that seemed to be made in good earnest, somewhat sent a chill over the company, and we soon separated, but I did not forget the answer that was made. It seemed to me just as if the young man meant what he said, and I thought that if I lived, I would see to what an end the man came.

I had written to my wife a number of times, and had sent money for her to come up with, and as I thought that she would be up soon, I secured a tenement, and had my furniture moved to my new quarters, and thought that I would keep bachelor's hall until she came.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE now reached the period in my history, the most important. Hitherto I relied upon my own strength, but I now called upon one who was able and willing to save to the uttermost, all that put their trust in him. The inebriate's friend, the sinner's Savior, the only one that can lend us that assistance that is able to sustain us when the hour of trial comes, and place our feet upon a sure foundation.

About this time, a vestry, where the children of God held stated prayer meetings, was moved to a spot near where I lived, and one evening, I told my wife that I was going in to see how they performed. I had never attended one since I was a boy; I therefore took my boy with me, and went into the meeting. As I entered, a female was engaged in prayer. How strangely it thrilled me! It seemed to bring back my early days, when I

knelt beside my little bed, with my grandmother at my side, and repeated my evening prayer. The prayer seemed to touch my heart, and it was with considerable effort that I restrained the tears from flowing. I would have given anything to have been out of the place, but I could not stir from the spot. When the meeting closed, I went home, and my wife asked me how I liked the meeting. I did not think much of it, I said, but I felt at the same time that I was telling a falsehood. I went out of the house, and down to a shop where I drank a glass of liquor, to drive away the feeling that existed within me, but it was of no avail. I could not stop my thoughts, and I felt as bad as ever.

In a day or two after, some one came into the mill, and told me that a woman that worked for me, and that I had missed from work, wished to see me, as she was near death. I went to see her, hardly believing the sad news, as I saw the woman the day before in perfect health, but I found her speechless, and near death, and I soon went back to my work in the mills, but I was restless, and I went out of the mills to the house, where she was sick, and found her dead, and friends were gathered there weeping over her. Although I had passed through many trying scenes, yet I shed tears at that time.

As I went back to my work, what thoughts rushed through my mind! Are you prepared to die? I could not answer this question as I wished I could, I was not prepared. I thought of the promise I made God when I was sick in the hospital. Oh, that I had kept it. I thought that this was a warning to me, "Be ye also ready." It seemed as if God had spoken to me by his providence numerous times.

That night there was a prayer meeting in the vestry, and I went with my little boy. As I entered I was interested by the hymn that was sung, which they had just commenced as I entered, and the first words were these, "Jesus died on Calvary mountain." How sweet they sounded to me, and I thought, Did Jesus die on Calvary's mountain for me? Did Jesus do this for poor sinners?—all this, and I have rebelled against him all my life. And as they sung the hymn with the beautiful words, "Children, come home," I thought, those words cannot apply to me, it is to those alone that love him, and have been faithful to him. I felt that I was not a child of God, but that I was living far from him, therefore those sweet words could not be addressed to me. I trembled in my seat. The sweat dropped from my brow, and I felt that I should sink to the floor. After the hymn was sung, the

minister prayed, and others followed, and all their prayers seemed to be directed to me. I could not sit upon my seat—I must do something, and with considerable difficulty, I pulled myself up by the seat before me, and told them that I wished to become a member of their society (as I had never been to a prayer meeting since a boy, I was not acquainted with their rules and customs, and was altogether ignorant). As I sat down, the people smiled all around me, and some even laughed aloud, whilst others seemed to be angry, thinking that I was making fun of them, as I had led such a dissipated life. Soon after the meeting closed, and the minister came along and shook me by the hand, and said: "God bless you." This was something new to me, to have a respectable man shake me by the hand, as though I were a brother, and say, "God bless you." I could have withstood the curses of a companion, and could have replied to him, but the voice of love, of sympathy, and kindness was something new, and I could not withstand it, could not say a word, but burst into tears. I left the place, and went home, and when I arrived there my wife asked me how I liked the meeting. I replied that I liked it much. "But wife," I continued, "I want you to pray for me, I am no scholar, and I do not

know how." But my wife made no reply to my request, and I thought, I will pray myself. But then, I said to myself, how can I pray, sinner that I am, will it be acceptable? But whilst these thoughts rushed through my mind, I remembered the hymn that was sung at the prayer meeting:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

I fell upon my knees and confessed my sins to God, and asked his pardon. My wife could not subdue her tears, but falling down beside me upon her knees, we both prayed earnestly and humbly to God.

I always thought, before a few days past, that prayer was a senseless, cold, heartless ceremony; but what a mistake I made, for I felt my heart softened, and that Jesus that died upon Calvary's hill was near me. I felt the peace of God that passeth understanding whilst I was upon my knees; and although ignorant as I was, of spiritual things, the great mystery of salvation and the atonement, came like a ray of light from heaven, and illuminated my benighted soul, and we both arose, justified, I believe, in the sight of God. As I arose

upon my feet, I felt that I was a new being. I was loaded with guilt and sin when I bowed before the Throne of Grace, but now it was gone, and I felt that I could say amen to the passage in the Scripture, "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." I felt like a child, and as I looked back upon my past life, I thought, "Oh! that I could live my life over again, and that what I know now I had experienced in the morning of life. Oh! that I had found Christ years ago; what a progress I might have made in life, and what comfort and happiness might I have enjoyed.

I think of my grandmother now,
And of the many tears she shed,
And how at night she made me bow,
By the side of my lowly bed.

And with hands uplifted there,
Methinks her form I see,
Beside the old arm chair,
As she offered her prayer for me.

Earnest and long she plead for me,
(Her spirit seemed crushed within)
That from the tempter I might flee,
And be kept from the path of sin.

Those prayers, they ring in my ears,
Though offered years ago,
As I think of them now, the tears
I cannot stop their flow.

The prayers that my grandmother made
Have found answer with God on high,
And though her form in the earth is laid,
Her spirit seems now ever nigh.

The next day I went to my work; and as I entered the mill, some laughed at me, as they had been told that I spoke in the prayer meeting; but I paid no attention to the sneers or remarks that were made, as I felt happy for the first time. I went with my wife to the next prayer meeting, and in the course of the evening I arose and said that I was a great sinner, and that I desired their prayers for me. Some laughed, whilst a few said amen. The meeting closed, and the minister came and shook me by the hand; and, as this was Saturday, asked me to attend church next day. I made no reply, as I felt ashamed to tell him that I had no clothes to wear. Whilst I was going home, the words that were spoken by some one at the meeting, "Give up all for Christ," seemed to ring in my ears, and I thought, "What can I give? I have no clothes, money, or anything;" and then again, I thought of the words in the hymn—

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

On the Sabbath I remained at home, and tried to

read the Bible; but I did not succeed very well, as my wife would laugh at me as I pronounced the words, and I laid it aside. Sabbath evening I attended the meeting, and told them that I had peace and joy in calling upon the Lord, and that I felt that He had heard my prayers. No one laughed at me now, as they found that I was in earnest.

I attended the prayer meeting regularly, and soon obtained suitable clothes and went to church, and listened to the preaching of the gospel, and felt strengthened in the Lord. My appetite for liquor continued for some time, but with the help of God I was enabled to overcome it, and live soberly and humbly before God.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As soon as my eyes were opened, and I saw the goodness of God, my heart went out for others, and I succeeded in getting some of my old companions into the prayer meeting. My low songs, that I before had sung in the bar-room, were now changed into hymns; and I purchased me a hymn book, and my wife read the hymns to me until I could repeat them, and I soon began to sing, which I found profitable to me, for it kept my mind active, and made me forget the old habits which somewhat clung to me.

Oh! if poor drunkards could come to Him who is mighty to save, and who alone can lead them safely through this world, then would they know in whom they put their trust, and they would find Him a high tower, to which they could flee in time of danger. The poor man who resolves to leave off in his own strength, how often he falls by the way! Not so those who put their trust in the Lord, for

they are strong in Him, and all the powers of darkness cannot prevail against Him; and whenever trials come, they will find His grace sufficient for them.

I continued to walk in the way the Lord directed, and to grow in grace; and I was asked by a number of the brethren to unite with the church, and after some thought upon the subject, my wife and myself were baptized, and united with the Christian [illegible] Church, under the care of Rev. Daniel Pike, May 7, 1857.

The minister, when he received us into the church, held up the Bible, and told us to take it for our guide; it was a blank book to me, for I could not read its pages, but I felt that I would try and explore it, and find the hidden treasures that were hidden within. I studied some three months upon the Bible, and learned so that I could read it tolerably well. How proud I felt! I went to the meeting, and I told them that I could read the Bible. That evening I heard them pray for a revival, and although I had heard the word before, I did not know its meaning, and I went home and asked my wife, who explained the meaning of the word to me.

On Christmas evening, (I never shall forget it) there was a prayer meeting, and although there

were but few there, yet God was with them, and the few Christians there prayed earnestly for God to revive his work. From that time there was manifested quite an interest, and soon the candle of the Lord shone in our midst, and our little vestry, that we were wont to assemble in, was filled with inquiring sinners.

We commenced a protracted meeting, which was held every evening for some length of time. There was one young man that attended those meetings regularly, and seemed to be interested, but yet was not converted; one evening, I remember, the minister's mother spoke of the goodness of God to her; she spoke with a broken voice, and it touched the young man's heart, and he arose for prayers. I heard this young man say, after the meeting, that he thanked God that he ever heard her speak. It was the voice of a female engaged in prayer that arrested my attention. The tones of a female in prayer seemed to carry me back to my childhood days, when my mother blest and gave me to God. No doubt the thoughts of the young man were carried back to his childhood days, when he heard the woman's voice. Perhaps he thought of the time when a kind mother blessed him, and taught him to say his evening prayers.

There were near three hundred that went forward

for prayers in those meetings that were held at that time. The revival first commenced in the little vestry, but it soon spread over the whole city.

No Christian that passed through those glorious scenes, when God made his people to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, can ever forget them, but they will be ever fresh in his memory, and when the church of Christ is low and in darkness, the memory of those scenes will serve to lighten his heart, and cause his faith in Christ to be as strong as the prophet of old, who said: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Many came from the country near the city to our meetings, and found him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. Many of the churches of Christ were refreshed by the presence of the Lord, and were strengthened in faith and numbers. One beautiful and marked feature of the great revival was the union of different denominations, and the harmony and oneness that existed at that time, no former period ever witnessed. The world had heretofore charged the churches with coldness to one

another, but this barrier being broken down, the world could only look on in wonder, and exclaim, "This is the Lord's doings, and is marvellous in our eyes."

I continued to attend the public services in the house of God, and to be prompt to the social prayer meetings.

About this time I heard that Ackroid, who had been my companion through a portion of my life, had been killed at Sebastopol. I felt thankful to God that I had escaped from the army, and that He had shown me the error of my ways, and brought me, as I trusted, into his fold. I felt a strong desire to see men come into the kingdom of God, and this desire so pervaded my mind, that when at my work this was the thought that was ever uppermost; and so much did it engage my attention, that I told my wife that I could not work, and that I thought of going to Biddeford, and inviting my old companions there to come to Christ. I left the mills in the spring of 1859, and took the cars for that place.

I remained in Biddeford some three weeks, and was invited by the different evangelical churches to act as missionary in that place, and after going back to Newburyport, and packing my furniture, I

returned again with my family, and commenced my labors, and I here express my thanks to the members of the different churches of Biddeford, who have assisted me in my work by their earnest prayers and generous contributions.

Reader, my work is done, and the scenes of my life are before you,—when in sin I was like the troubled sea, that throws up mire and dirt, but now I feel that I am led beside still waters and in green pastures, and I can say, as David did, I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

FINIS.

Feb. 6 1861.

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